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# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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{ From Beginning,  
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## SOME MEMORIES.

A LUCENT clarity of young bright air ;  
 Soft, cool, sweet breeze ;  
 The sheen of palms, too delicate for glare ;  
 Just stirring trees ;  
 A witching freshness. Sweet young maiden-  
 hour  
 'Twixt blaze and shade !  
 Poised like the open bloom of tropic flower  
 Just ere it fade.

A gentle night ; awake, for moonlight  
 seems,  
 With quiet eyes,  
 To look around, a living thing, and gleams  
 On earth and skies ;  
 In loveliness that overflows the brink  
 Of my strait soul, —  
 I must be larger, nobler, ere I think  
 To grasp the whole.

Yet over all my world this light of God  
 Both shows and hides,  
 Brightens what *can* give light in wondrous  
 mode,  
 But dark abides  
 The mean, the base, the soiled. A vista  
 see  
 Of stately palms,  
 With shining fronds which rustle daintily  
 And murmur psalms.  
 Spectator. J. E. F.

## A HOLIDAY.

WE met, and swift our friendship grew  
 Mid pine woods fragrant, full of bees.  
 With glimpses of clear water through  
 And murmuring voices in the trees.

The blue lake shone, the flowers were fair.  
 We marked not how the days passed o'er.  
 What wonder castles in the air  
 Should rise upon Lake Leman's shore ?

Full of great purposes and wise,  
 Your castle rose in splendor rare.  
 All who should help your enterprise,  
 Leader of men, you marshalled there.

And toiling millions, by your aid  
 Enlightened, purer, woke to see  
 The sunlight break beyond the shade  
 Of ignorance and misery.

And my more humble castle stood  
 A fair oasis full of peace.  
 A home in which the weary should  
 Find welcome, and their troubles cease.

Alas ! that holidays should end,  
 That cloudy castles tumble down ;  
 The time has come, too soon, my friend,  
 To take our way to London town.

Back from the pine woods and the sun,  
 To weary days and foggy skies,  
 And work that somehow must be done  
 Between the sunset and sunrise.

We two, from labor not exempt,  
 Must part ; yet friends we still shall be,  
 Because of all the dreams we dreamt  
 Beside Geneva's inland sea.  
 Spectator. CLARA GRANT DUFF.

## THE OLD YEAR.

ALL its waning days are counted,  
 All its few decaying hours,  
 Sacred to the wont and custom  
 Of this busy world of ours.

With his strong hand drooping palely,  
 With his laurel garland sere ;  
 On the threshold of his death-day,  
 Sadly stands the poor old year.

Hush, the sobbing winds are saying,  
 Sweeping over glen and lea ;  
 Hush, the branches murmur, clashing  
 High on every leafless tree.

Hush, the river murmurs, ice-bound,  
 Stealing to the sheltered dell ;  
 Earth and sky and life are sighing,  
 Time is over, say farewell.  
 All The Year Round.

## EROS AT YULE-TIDE.

I MET him in these gardens grey,  
 Silvered with frost and crystal dew.  
 He watched the ghostly alders sway,  
 The palpitating mists at play  
 Over the paling blue.

His golden curls were dank with sleet,  
 His rosy lips were blanched with cold,  
 His mantle, like a winding-sheet,  
 About the white, the bleeding feet,  
 Clung with funereal fold.

I would have warmed him in my breast,  
 I kissed his brow between the eyes.  
 He spurned me with the hand I pressed,  
 "Hence — and obey my last behest !  
 Alone the love-god dies."

Cambridge : December 3, 1893. Academy.

From *The Fortnightly Review*.  
THE RHETORICIANS OF IRELAND.

A PROMINENT Irishman made this remark a few years ago, during the Boulogne negotiations: "If Home Rule comes in my day, I shall have only one thing to ask of the new Parliament in Dublin. I shall propose that its first act be to purchase a large site on some sunny and picturesque slope of the Wicklow hills, and erect upon it a commodious asylum with a pleasant southern aspect, and build around that a high wall with spikes and broken glass on the top, and then put inside all the heroes and geniuses of Ireland. When this has been done, and I have seen the outer gate securely bolted, and can walk away with the key in my pocket, I shall for the first time have some faith in the future of my country."

There is common sense in Ireland, but it almost never gets a chance. The young men who resemble the portraits of Robert Emmet, the young men who can make you weep by reciting "Shamus O'Brien," the young men who have learned the lingo of "Speeches from the Dock," crowd up like tares on every side to choke the wheat. Contemporary accounts tell that the great potato blight of 1846 passed over the island wrapped in a dry, low-hanging fog of noisome smell and an unusual color. Possibly an observatory on Mangerton or the Sugar Loaf would show that an unnatural mist of some sort also attends the progress, and marks the ceaselessly shifting cross-currents, of that other disastrous Irish speciality — the visitation of oratory.

The rhetoricians of Ireland eat one another up at such a pace that a decade suffices for a generation. Roughly speaking, the Dillons, O'Briens, and Davitts of to-day stand at twelve removes from Henry Flood, the father of their species, and he was in the prime of his windy predominance one hundred and twenty years ago. There is a certain monotony in the character of the dozen personal revolutions which make up the political history of this

period. Each succeeding group rises, talks itself into ascendancy, and culminates either in securing office or in being broken by prison and exile, or on the wheel of public disfavor. Sundry general rules are observable, too, in the alternations. A given series of silver-tongued place-hunters will by reaction produce a crop of violent reformers. When King Stork in turn is cleared out of the way, either by forcible processes or an audit of his accounts, it is to make room again for King Log. The record is often very interesting. Occasionally it touches true notes of romance and tragedy, with the thrill in them of genuine patriotism. But it is the rarest thing to catch anywhere in this record the hint that all the while there was existing in Ireland a population of intelligent human beings possessing average skulls, and in ordinary affairs as sane and as sensible as other people.

It will not take long to run through the list of "heroes and geniuses" who between them have monopolized Irish popular attention, and represented in turn the prevailing political feeling of Ireland from Flood's time down. It is a story of talk, practically nothing but talk. Even the soldiers were orators first, and the conspiring rebels could not resist the temptation to announce the dates of their plotted uprisings in public speeches.

Flood and Hely Hutchinson, in the old limited Parliament, came to the leadership of the patriot opposition with a kind of literary oratory, reminiscent at once of Anthony Malone and Dean Swift, which has been called the "early decorated." They achieved fame by it, and subsequently office.

Grattan and Curran climbed upon the ruins of these patriotic reputations. They outshone Flood in his own rhetoric, and engrafted upon it embellishments inspired by Burke's magnificently ornate performances in Westminster. Less fortunately for them, they also imbibed Burke's bitterness against the French Revolution and Jacobinism generally, and thus lost in time their hold upon the popular

mind, which became fascinated by the democratic formulæ which a younger school had picked up in France. In the quarrel between the old and the new, Ireland incidentally lost her Parliament altogether. Grattan had three years before retired from public life in a huff, and his momentary reappearance at the passage of the Union, though dramatic, hardly belongs to his active career. Curran died master of the rolls.

Arthur O'Connor and Thomas Addis Emmet were the chief spokesmen of the group which succeeded in public favor, but these are for once overshadowed by men of "action," Wolfe Tone and Lord Edward Fitzgerald. If they achieved nothing else, at least they did not win or look for office. Their short-lived pre-eminence has a sad dignity of its own, synchronizing as it does with the disappearance of Ireland from among the nations.

In the long lethargy following this outbreak, strictly rhetorical personages like Plunkett and Bushe placidly covered the course from indignant patriotic eloquence to comfortable government positions. It was an awkward thing, perhaps, that Plunkett, the resolute defender of Irish parliamentary independence in 1800, should in 1803, as attorney-general, be compelled to prosecute and hang Robert Emmet, the son of an old friend and follower, but these mischances are too common in Irish history to attract notice.

O'Connell and Sheil bustled noisily upon the stage in time, and, after a brief passage-at-arms, struck hands and stormed the understandings of men with a prolonged joint output of oratorical uproar. Often they seemed to be effecting prodigious things. One achievement of theirs — Catholic emancipation, to wit — still appears in the more artless history-books as a fact, instead of the fraud which Ireland soon enough found it to be. O'Connell's personal hold upon the Irish masses was maintained for nearly a quarter of a century. A statesman might have employed this unique influence to shape the impulses and aims of the genera-

tions growing up under the new Union into ways helpful to Ireland and England alike. What O'Connell did was to turn the Irish parliamentary delegation into a frankly mercenary force, which was held to have satisfied the claims of Ireland by securing for him his accustomed cheers and obeisances, and for the rest was expected to make such individual bargains with the English patronage-mongers as could be had. When the bubble burst at last, it was to reveal a worse than wasted twenty-five years, with Sheil master of the mint and John O'Connell clerk of the hanaper.

It was time for a cycle of turbulence, and "Young Ireland" was on hand to produce it. Here was introduced a novel engine of warfare, the popular partisan newspaper. Heretofore the speech-making barrister had held all other combatants at a disadvantage. The zealous young poets and reformers of the *Nation* changed this. Though they broke down O'Connell and his gang of briefless place-hunters, and made the word lawyer permanently suspect in Irish politics, they accomplished little else. Ireland, indeed, deems it a kindness to forget the things these ardent young men did; the culminating cabbage-garden at Farrenrory is particularly not mentioned. All that survives of Davis, Mitchel, Smith O'Brien, Gavan Duffy, Meagher, and the rest of the heroes is their rhetoric — principally expended in reasons from the dock why they should not be hanged, drawn, and quartered — and in the phosphorescent files of the *Nation*.

There follow thirty unpleasant years to round the century of unremitting gabble. The period divides itself into three parts. First come Keogh and Sadlier, a bad aftermath on the field which O'Connell's mercenaries had tilled. Backed by the friendship of Cardinal Cullen, they combined an unparalleled flow of cheap eloquence with an extended banking business on Jabez-Balfour lines. Together they led Ireland into more shameful paths than she had ever trod before, or has descended to since. Keogh won his judgeship,

and died a maniac at Bingen. He is buried there, because a Dublin mob would have thrown his remains into the Liffey had they been brought to Ireland. Sadlier won his seat on the Treasury bench, and then killed himself with prussic acid on Hampstead Heath.

A term of obscure disorder ensued, with nothing doing in Parliament, but with a marked activity among the police, and with James Stephens and John O'Mahony looming from across the Atlantic as the heaven-born leaders of the Irish race. They were highly vocal rivals for the privilege of freeing Ireland by force of arms, and competed for public favor and subscriptions by loudly outbidding each other in the matter of dates and other vital details of their secret conspiracy. It sounds comic enough now, but many hundreds of confiding men went to the scaffold or penal servitude before the joke was explained. It was only when the auditors overhauled the account of Messrs. Stephens' and O'Mahony's skirmishing funds that the humor was laid bare. The leaders had made money in one way; their lieutenants had profited in another, by marketing the so-called secrets of the organization to the Home Office in Whitehall. And so there was a fitting end to Fenianism.

Lastly, the lawyers had one more turn in Parliament—a feeble and tentative turn, with Isaac Butt as an imitation O'Connell, and a hungry group of barristers and small attorneys and squireens half-heartedly following his lead, in the hope that by some chance it might be worth somebody's while to buy them.

A hundred years had passed since Grattan's accession to the patriotic leadership in the Irish House of Commons, and the formation of the Irish Volunteers. It was high time for Ireland to strike a balance. On the wrong side of the ledger there were a population diminished by one-half, a commercial and industrial life quite paralyzed, a peasantry reduced to gambling annually against famine on the stake of a potato crop, a body politic covered with the sores and scars of fruitless rebel-

lions, harsh penal laws and rankling injustices, great and small. On the opposite page there was nothing but speeches. Among these a bewildering variety invited the choice—sagacious speeches by astute men, which had brought them glory and office; lurid speeches by dishonest men, which had put money in their pockets; brilliant speeches by earnest men, which had drawn down destruction upon their heads; inspiring speeches, defiant speeches, extraordinarily witty and convincing, even tear-compelling speeches—but nothing else. The whole century had to show for itself only the east wind.

If Joseph Biggar had been a vain or a weak man—above all, if he had had the gift of rhetoric, it is an even chance that this apostolic succession of phrasemakers would have continued unbroken down to our own day. It is to the fortuitous conjunction of a twisted spine, a raven's voice, and a heart of gold in that little Belfast pork-factor that Ireland owes the snapping of the chain which bound her to the chariot of words. He began his fight at Westminster against Butt, single-handed, in 1875. After a time young Mr. Parnell entered the House and joined him. These two held the pass for two sessions against not only their own leader and his colleagues, but the speaker and both the English parties. They could not look for converts inside Parliament, for their theory of deeds instead of orations flew in the face of a century of Irish parliamentary usage. But outside they speedily found a following. John Barry turned Butt out of the presidency of the English Home Rule Confederation in 1877, and gave the post to Mr. Parnell. Even before that Biggar and Parnell had been accorded a tumultuous popular welcome in Dublin at the Rotunda. Butt quailed before the rising tide, lost his nerve, and died. His party scattered helplessly, and could not be rallied to attend the session of 1879. In the following year a general election returned a majority of the Irish opposition favorable to the leadership of Parnell.



So much of retrospect is necessary, to show wherein the six years including 1880 and 1885 differ from any other period in Irish parliamentary history.

From Flood to Isaac Butt the controlling idea behind every representative Irish voice had been to produce an effect upon England and the English. Sometimes the design was to cozen or seduce, again to awe and terrify. Now the thought was to curry immediate favor, now to create a dazzling impression of wit and eloquence, now to build up that solid sort of repute which suggests a judgeship. But it was always directed toward England, and it considered first of all the tastes and prejudices of the finest club in England. Mr. T. P. O'Connor describes this ruling sentiment aptly, if somewhat darkly, when he says: "The House of Commons is the arena which gives the choicest food to the intellectual vanity of the British subject."<sup>1</sup>

The essence of Biggar's position, which in 1880 became expanded and organized into Parnellism, was a resolute and studied contempt for all forms of English opinion, and particularly for that selected embodiment of it to be found on the benches of the House of Commons. The fundamental rule of the new party was perhaps never formulated, but it might have been stated thus: "Anything that pleases the British public is a mistake. To win the approval of the British Parliament would be a crime." In 1875 George Bryan, a member of Butt's Irish party, said on the floor of the House, in attacking Biggar's destructive policy, amid loud Irish cheers, "a man should be a gentleman first, and a patriot afterwards." Parnellism turned the weather-vane sharply around. The word "gentleman" became a thing for scornful laughter in the new party, as the phrase "professional honor" had been in Keogh's day.

The Parnellite party of 1880 introduced a new generation of Irishmen upon the parliamentary stage. Only a small minority of its active members

had sat in previous Houses. The leader was but thirty-four years of age. Of his new colleagues, Arthur O'Connor was thirty-six, James O'Kelly thirty-five, T. P. O'Connor thirty-three, Thomas Sexton thirty-two, John Dillon twenty-nine, and T. M. Healy twenty-five. John Redmond was twenty-five when he was elected the following year, and William O'Brien just thirty when he entered the House in 1882. It was pre-eminently a party of young men, and, as has been shown since, it contained an amount of oratorical ability fully as great as any previous Irish party had brought to London. It is, perhaps, the highest proof of Parnell's power that for six years he was able to keep this big rhetorical force under tolerable control. That he kept his young bloods silent is not to be suggested; they talked more, in truth, than even Irishmen had talked before since the beginning of human speech. But he did contrive to imbue them, one and all, with the spirit in which Biggar and he had begun the fight—the spirit of scorn for English applause and of distrust for English assent. The discipline was a rigorous and exacting one. To have within one the power to pleasingly move an audience—the one particular audience in these kingdoms, too; whose verdict is most highly prized—and then to be bound to annoy and flout that audience, to tread on all its exposed corns and offend all its prejudices, implies a considerable strain on human nature. Some there were, like O'Connor Power, as promising a young man as the membership of the party afforded, who could not withstand this iron pressure, and fell out of the ranks. The body as a whole moved on from point to point in British politics like an invading force in a hostile country, looking nowhere for friends and prepared to fire from every side of its square.

At the end of six years a startling change had been wrought in the political status of Ireland. Abroad, not only the Irish race in America and Australasia, but a controlling proportion of their non-Irish neighbors as

<sup>1</sup> The Parnell Movement, p. 154.

well, had come to believe in Ireland again as a nation, and were contributing to further that end larger sums of money than had ever passed before between countries save as tribute or war indemnity. At home, the oldest and most distinguished of living English statesmen had formally pledged the faith of one of the British parties to Home Rule.

It was a battlefield clean-swept upon which Parnell and his men looked down when they grounded their arms on the heights at the New Year of 1886. They had conquered the English Liberal alliance, and had in their hands, moreover, the means of ensuring its fidelity. They had won for Ireland an unduly augmented electorate, and more remedial agrarian legislation than had been secured before in the century, all told. They had banded the Irish race together the world over in new ties of enthusiastic confidence and support. They could say fairly and within bounds that a Parliament on College Green must be the logical outcome of what they had done.

The victory belonged to Mr. Parnell. That was the unerring popular judgment, and his lieutenants loyally led the cheers which acclaimed him one of the greatest political captains of his time. There was nowhere inside his party any token of disaffection toward him, and it may be affirmed that there were at the moment no jealousies worth speaking of among the lieutenants themselves. In the stress and excitement of their adventurous march through the enemy's country, sharing the common odium and owing with pride the same allegiance, there had been no room for individual rivalries or personal grievances. If the party could have maintained its old Ishmaelitic character in the campaigns that were still to come, it might have continued to this day undivided and practically harmonious.

The fatal trouble was that the new "union of hearts" and the old contempt for English opinion could not be brought under the same blanket. Parnellism had drawn its surprising

strength and staying power from its principle of absolute isolation. When it abandoned that, and began sending spokesmen to Liberal meetings and accepting banquets from the Eighty Club, there was an end to the party as a compact, disciplined, fighting force. The semblance of cohesion was kept up till 1890, but the disruption started with the first month of the English alliance. No doubt this was unavoidable. The specific work which Biggar and Parnell set out in 1875 to accomplish stood completed in 1885. The pioneer guerilla force had finished its share of the task; what remained was for the grand army of the allies. This release from the tension of discipline, of ceaseless readiness for warfare, and the sense of universal hostility, under which the Parnellites had done such remarkable things, had one result which no one seems to have thought of. It unmuzzled the rhetoricians—and in a very short time the Irish Nationalist party had gravitated to pretty much the level of the other Irish parties that had gone before.

Very possibly Mr. Parnell foresaw this result. It was hard to tell what he saw. There was always an element of cynicism in his attitude toward his lieutenants. When John Dillon, who was understood at the time to be consumptive, was first arrested, an anxious Scotch member asked Parnell in the lobby if he did not fear the effect upon Dillon's health. The chief replied, picking his words with deliberation: "I fear that Mr. Dillon's health *would* have suffered if the government had continued to decline to arrest him." At the reception following William O'Brien's wedding Mr. Parnell walked coldly about, speaking only to Archbishop Croke and a few of his older acquaintances, and obviously ill at ease. He found an out-of-the-way corner to stand in, after a little, beside a colleague whom he liked. Then, nodding toward the bridegroom, he said: "That man is preparing to displace me." His habit was to avoid disclosing preferences among his followers, and, apparently upon this the-

ory, he changed his principal adviser from time to time. For a while he would consult with Biggar, then with Arthur O'Connor, then with Sexton or O'Kelly. These two latter became, as time went on, his preferred counsellors. He conferred much less with Dillon and O'Brien, and, after 1885, not at all with Healy, though for very different reasons. His personal favorite, increasingly so in the later years, was John Redmond, who pleased him as a university man and a good shot.

Before the autumn of 1886 the Parnellite party had quite changed its character. Dillon, O'Brien, T. P. O'Connor and a number of lesser lights had become, in effect, English orators on English political platforms. The old indifference to English applause was forgotten. A Parliament had been elected overwhelmingly hostile to Home Rule, and the very dependence of the Irish party upon their English allies for any kind of a muster in the division lobby tended to steadily efface what memories remained of the Ishmaelitic days. Mr. Parnell ceased to attend to his duties as sessional chairman or to visit the House. The half-dozen personal rivalries which had been developed under the impetus of the English alliance began to clash uncomfortably. One of the party spoke to John Dillon of the perils involved in the absence of leadership. Mr. Dillon assented to all that was said in criticism of the chief and complaint at his neglect of duty. "Something ought to be done," he admitted; "only," he added, "bear this in mind—the man who pulls Parnell down will be damned in Ireland." This remark is remembered still as the key to much that has happened since.

By September of 1886, Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien had resolved upon a line of action of their own. In the previous year Mr. Healy had suggested in a public speech, in some detail, the possibilities of a Tenants' Defence Association, which should provide a legal remedy for certain difficulties of the agrarian situation. Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien now took this up, and remodelled and explained it into something

which turned out not to be legal, namely the Plan of Campaign. In company with Mr. T. Harrington, they called upon Mr. Parnell at the Euston Hotel, and laid this scheme before him. Parnell declined flatly to have anything to do with it. He explained to them his own view of the party's proper policy—to lie low, keep Ireland studiously in the background, and thus force the government to embark upon English legislation. Once that ticklish ground was ventured upon, there was always a chance that the Tories and Unionists might disagree and part company. Any Irish provocation, on the other hand, would keep that alliance firmly knit, and he therefore advised against their doing anything at all, and particularly against what they called their Plan of Campaign.

What followed need not be dwelt upon here. The refusal to accept Mr. Parnell's decision provided Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien with their oratorical stock in trade for three full years, not to mention the latter's speech-making incursion into Canada, and furnished as well for the pair a most thrilling series of police chases, hair-breadth escapes, breathless flights, and sensational arrests, till hardly Buffalo Bill himself was more thoroughly advertised.

The practical consequences of this harlequinade of egotism—the silly and costly fiasco of New Tipperary, the burdening of the organization's resources with an army of "evicted" tenants bribed to quit their holdings, and the discredit of the whole enterprise in English eyes—made both Mr. Parnell and the sober minds of his party angry. Forceful expression to this wrath would have been given but for the dread of dissension in the ranks, and the further realization that the lighter-headed classes in Ireland were once more intoxicated by the familiar rhetorical rattle, and were in danger of making martyrs of the twain if they were disciplined. Then came the even more effective restraining influence of the Parnell Commission, the outcome of which was to set Mr. Parnell up

once more on a high authoritative pedestal, and restore for the time being a sense of camaraderie to the men about him.

When Mr. Parnell fell three years ago, Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien were in America, in the double capacity of collectors for the party funds and fugitives from the British law. They took sides by cable against him, as he had made sure they would. There was no one of his opponents inside Committee Room 15, during the struggle, for whom he entertained such deep contempt and rage as he privately expressed towards these two gentlemen attitudinizing on the other side of the Atlantic, and lecturing him over a submarine wire. It must have cost him a painful effort to dissemble these feelings later, when the urgent necessities of his position forced him into a prolonged parley with them at Boulogne. That episode alone is ample warrant for giving Mr. Parnell a high place among the born managers of men. His greatest need was to gain time, and to this end he had Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien come to him in France, received their pompous declarations with elaborate respect, and humbly invited them to help him find some way of restoring peace to the party and hope to Ireland. At times it seemed to him that Dillon was the heaven-born leader for the crisis; again he would have doubts whether O'Brien was not really the man. Jointly he fooled them through five long weeks, playing on their childlike self-conceit and unsuspecting thirst for flattery with one mock solution after another until it suited his purpose to stop. Then he laughed in their faces, and bade them go. Amazed and pained that so much goodness and statesmanship should have been thus spitefully treated, they sorrowfully crossed the Channel and retired to Clonmel Gaol, despairing of Ireland.

So long as they remained in gaol Ireland did very well. That latent common sense in the country which Biggar and Parnell had been the first to appeal to, and which for fifteen years had been learning its own strength against

the heroes and geniuses, stood the island in good stead now. Substantial men came forward with the money to found the *National Press*, and to successfully combat the Parnellite *Freeman's Journal*. A National Federation was formed to replace the revolted National League. The party was brought safely through an extremely delicate crisis, avoiding on the one hand a rupture of the English alliance, and retaining, on the other, every material advantage which had been guaranteed to the Irish by the compact. Each succeeding bye-election showed that the Parnellite mutiny was losing ground in the country month by month. When, at the end of July, 1891, Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien were released from prison, it was to learn that the *Freeman's Journal* had been forced to abandon Parnell, that Ireland was tranquil and confident, and that the Nationalist party throughout the kingdom was once more in capital fighting trim.

These two gentlemen could not credit their senses that all this had been achieved without their help. It was evident to them that there must be a mistake somewhere. They forthwith issued eloquent proclamations, calling attention to their own superior patriotic wares. They criticised this detail of what had been done in their absence, sneered at that, condemned a third. The democratic innovation of inviting the constituency to send delegates to a convention, and there select its own candidate for parliamentary honors, which had been started upon Parnell's deposition, had promised good results. Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien broke down the experiment by insisting upon presiding at these conventions, and overwhelming the local delegates with the waves of their rhetoric. They paid assiduous court to such Roman Catholic prelates, here and there, as were most susceptible to adulation, and persuaded them that the men in control in Dublin were little better than French Jacobins in disguise. They formulated the curious theory that the *Freeman's Journal*, which had now been captured by and amalgamated with the *National*

*Press*, could not be regarded as an organ of Irish Nationalism unless they were on the board of directors, and, by threats to resign their seats in Parliament, they secured their admission to the directorate. This they followed up with the still more interesting demand that the men who had made the paper and owned most of the paper should, in the interests of patriotism, be deprived of a majority on the board. The shareholders protested, but the committee of the Parliamentary party, made up of sympathetic orators, intervened and decreed that it should be done. Latterly, with the assistance of Archbishop Walsh, who had wearied of being passed on the streets of Dublin without salutations, a further step has been taken in the same direction, and there is to-day on the board of the *Freeman* only one man who, by the rules governing commercial enterprise in other countries, has any business there.

So far as Ireland itself is concerned, the defeat of the practical men who held the national ship off the rocks during the Parnellite hurricane is more apparent than real. When the constituencies are given the chance to speak, this will be shown. The triumph of the rhetoricians within the party organization is another matter. It was natural enough, when an executive committee of direction had to be formed for the leaderless party, that the men who had achieved distinction as speakers should be put upon it. It was more or less a logical sequence that, when the issue was made as between workers and talkers, this committee should take the side of the latter. Probably the majority of this committee would be the last to realize the sinister resemblance which the party, as they give it form and character to-day, bears to those discredited delegations which Ireland used to send to Westminster prior to 1880. There is no member of this majority who has to his credit a single clause of effective legislation. Collectively they have done nothing but talk and write during their dozen years of public life. Nor does the likeness to

the unpleasant past end merely with the predominance of the ornamental over the useful. The old taint of self-seeking has reappeared. It cannot, for several reasons, take the form of bargaining for office with an English ministry. The day has gone by for that kind of public betrayal, even if the men in question were capable of it, which is not suggested. But in their eagerness to safeguard their position they have been led, one step after another, into a very doubtful relation of another sort.

Of the executive committee of nine, two men, T. M. Healy and Arthur O'Connor, are in a permanent minority. Two others, Justin McCarthy and Thomas Sexton, may be described as not hostile to the majority rather than of it. The majority consists of Dillon, O'Brien, Davitt, Blake, and T. P. O'Connor. Under the original rule these five were just equal to the necessary quorum. In August last, when Mr. Blake was to be absent in Canada, the quorum was conveniently reduced to four. There were formerly two distinct funds which were kept supplied by public subscriptions, chiefly from the Irish abroad—the Evicted Tenants' Fund and the Parliamentary Fund. This latter, it will be remembered, is the source of the salaries paid to such Nationalist members as could not otherwise afford to spend the session in London. The treasurer of this fund was John Barry, who is not a rhetorician. The committee suddenly, upon its own initiative, decreed the consolidation of these two funds into one, to be known as the Home Rule Fund, and to be under the control of three self-constituted trustees: Messrs. Dillon, Sexton, and McCarthy. Whatever the intention, this had two effects. It got rid of John Barry's supervision, and it rendered it uncertain how much money went to the evicted tenants and how much to the salaried members. There are some thirty-five of this latter class. It is an interesting coincidence that of this number twenty-five may be relied upon with reasonable certainty to support any measure



brought forward by the majority of the committee.

This state of affairs has not yet been frankly explained in Ireland, but enough of the facts are known to have created much disquiet and bad feeling. The indignant retirement into private life of the two wealthiest members of the party, Mr. Morrough and Mr. Barry, the announced intention of Mr. Reynolds to withdraw at an early date, and, above all, the mystery enveloping the negotiations for the release and division of the Paris funds, have made an evil impression throughout the country. There are charges of corruption already in the air, and it will be a matter for surprise if, during the lifetime of the present Parliament, a formal rupture does not take place in the Irish Parliamentary party.

Prediction, however, is not among the purposes of this paper. The object has been rather to trace the workings of a curious kind of atavism in Irish political life. Mr. Parnell fought his unique and un-Irish battle with the aid of a group of young men whom he himself trained to combat, and who, so long as they were immediately under his eye, seemed quite unlike any Irishmen the old mother of Parliaments had ever seen before. When his strong hand was lifted, there came immediately what scientists call, a reversion to type. The Plan of Campaign might have been the product of the brains which planned the absurd rising of '48. As for what we see to-day—the protuberant and insistent egotisms, the solemn reverence for oratory as the be-all and end-all of political life, the lust for applause, the contempt for men who merely know things and achieve things, the ignorance about realities and the indifference to ordinary rules of caution in the handling of the public money—it recalls in shreds and patches all the most hopelessly Hibernian phases of the wasted century.

William O'Brien was never quite "in the picture," as the phrase goes, even when Parnellism was at its best in discipline and compact unity. No one could complain of his lack of zeal

or energy. His fault lay in the other direction. He was like one of those shepherd-dogs who chase their sheep to death. His *United Kingdom* always produced the effect of being printed in italics and exclamation points. Whatever it essayed to do it overdid, and there were many times, as in the notable instance of the personal attacks upon Lord Spencer and Mr. Trevelyan, when Mr. Parnell asked himself whether the cause would not be stronger without such an advocate. Exaggeration is said to be an Irish failing; with Mr. O'Brien it is a disease. While it was the cue of his party to be anti-English, he carried abuse and insult into veritable license. When it was permitted the Parnellites to talk about a "union of hearts," the British gorge had hard work to keep itself from rising on his flood of flattery. In the earlier days, while the memory of his humble upbringing and the enthusiasm for his work were strong upon him, he impressed his associates as a modest man and a good fellow. Hints of this circulated in the press gallery, and secured for him more attention in the newspapers, particularly when he was arrested, than was good for him. There is a guileless peasant strain in his composition which took this all too seriously. He blossomed forth suddenly as the most tremendous egoist of anybody's acquaintance. The sight of a newspaper which did not contain some mention of his name became unpleasant to him, and the problem of how to ensure himself against this shock grew to be his principal concern. The innocent unconsciousness of his vanity is almost past belief. He will tell you with glistening eyes, and impressive sobs embarrassing his muffled utterance, that the notoriety of public life is loathsome and abhorrent to him, and that the tenderest wish of his heart is to steal away and spend his days in obscurity, as the simple librarian in some remote academic village. Next morning you will see three-quarters of a column in the *Times*, claimed by him for an explanation of the circumstances under which

he did not secure a certain table for his dinner in the House. It is all sincere ; but it is impossible not to remember that sincerity attains its sublimated perfection in Colney Hatch. Under the corroding influences of this passionate admiration for himself, the amiable qualities which used to make friends, and which made partisans at even as late a period as that of the immortal " breeches " episode, have now almost disappeared. Mr. O'Brien finds it impossible to recognize any colleague who has voted against him or his side in any division at a party meeting.

By some unexplained law, Irish political leaders have almost always hunted in couples. Dr. Butt and Mr. Parnell are exceptions in a list of twelve parliamentary generations. One never thinks of Grattan without Curran, of Davis without Duffy, of Keogh without Sadleir, of O'Brien without Dillon. Whatever the law, the principle in the present case is plainly complementary. John Dillon has none of the energy which marks his partner, and he also lacks physical assurance. Although abnormally short-sighted, he never tried spectacles until a few years ago, and then he gave a curious account to his friends of the surprise and interest with which he had beheld, for the first time, the lineaments of the English statesmen who had been sitting on the Treasury bench opposite him session after session. The anecdote is characteristic. One feels that there are all sorts of things which Mr. Dillon would comprehend, or at least see differently, if he could have spectacles for his mental vision. Without them, he is a narrow man, self-centred to a remarkable degree, and with an extremely small stock of ideas available for every-day use. He has the library one would expect to find in the house of a well-to-do rural physician, of a metaphysical turn, who preferred leisure among his books to general practice. The volumes range from the occult to the supernatural, from the atomic demonstration to the philosophical abstract. Mr. Gradgrind would

have turned away from the lot with a heart bowed down. No educated man ever sat in Parliament with a slighter interest in, and knowledge of, the things with which a Parliament is supposed to deal. Mr. Dillon does occasionally import into his speeches a showing of facts and figures, but the trained eye can always tell from what page in the back part of Thom's " Irish Directory " he took them. In the earlier days the gravity of his demeanor, coupled with his undoubted talent for effective impromptu speech, and the prestige of his father's name, led men to speak of him as a probable future leader of the party. It came to be seen in time, most clearly of all by Mr. Parnell, that this was out of the question. Mr. Dillon himself, however, did not see it, and never will. There is a theory, indeed, that he believes that he is the leader now—having succeeded *de jure* like a dauphin when the master died—and that in private Mr. O'Brien pretends to recognize him as the lawful sovereign. He is, within his limitations, both calculating and tenacious. Even if he had not volunteered the prediction : " The man who pulls Parnell down will be damned in Ireland," the strategy of rushing in to profit by Parnell's overthrow, while striving to shift the responsibility for it upon others' shoulders, would have been recognized as Dillon's.

Michael Davitt ought never to be spoken of or thought of without the softening recollection that he spent the germinating and budding period of the mental life—from his twenty-fourth year to his thirty-second—in a convict prison. The martyrdom is his glory, but it is also his misfortune. He carried into solitary confinement a mind of a high order, but with next to nothing by way of information in it. The enforced meditation of those years was pursued, so to speak, on an empty stomach. It is a very notable thing that the young man came out neither debauched nor embittered, but, on the contrary, eager to devote his energies to what he deemed humanitarian work. He has been active and devoted enough

ever since, both in Irish and English popular movements, but there is always a fatal something which neutralizes his efforts. Where other men carry written the lessons gained in human contact, and acquired knowledge of their fellows, he has a blank space. He does not get on smoothly with others; he picks his co-workers badly; he gets jealous of the wrong people, and is perpetually looking for figs among the thistle-spikes. By all the logic of his past experiences and his present sympathies he ought to be on the democratic and progressive side in the Irish party. Perhaps that is why one does not find him there.

Mr. Edward Blake, who, whimsically enough, was imported from Canada at the original suggestion of T. M. Healy, will go back again some time at the spontaneous suggestion of an entire Irish party. Dr. Butt has been alluded to heretofore as an imitation O'Connell. It was hardly worth while to go so far at this late day for an inferior imitation of Butt. The Canadian is of present importance, because he has a vote on the party committee. He will attract a certain modified and restrained interest to the end of his career in Great Britain as the man who sold the Eighty Club with a haltingly read manuscript oration.

After four men who take themselves in such solemn, deadly earnest, it is almost a relief to touch upon Mr. T. P. O'Connor. He is a public speaker better than the best of them, and an effective editor to boot, but it has been many years since the dream of any kind of Irish leadership crossed his brain. The aspirations of these others are to him half incredible, and would be wholly so had he not been for so long an observant and resourceful student of the simplicity and weak gullibility inherent in our fallen human nature. Mr. O'Connor's plans and ambitions do not at all conflict with those of his colleagues—do not, indeed, bear any appreciable relation to Ireland whatever. If there are men so constituted as to believe that Ireland is a place to live in, and to cherish a

passion for being mixed up in her affairs, he is far too much a citizen of the world to dispute with them. He will even go with them, and sit on their committee, so long as doing so fits in with his more important avocations. Being on the committee, it is natural to look for him among the majority. Once in his cheerful career he came perilously near being caught in a minority, but, as he would tell you himself, he was much younger then.

This self-constituted directory, having gathered into its hands the reins once held in Parnell's vice-like grasp, discloses no disposition to drive anywhere. Its sole discoverable idea is to stop still and make speeches from the box-seat. So long as a majority of the passengers are either waiting their turn to deliver a few remarks, or are comfortable in the knowledge that their salaries are going on all the while, there is no likelihood of a start being made. Just now the skies are kind, and the halt, though it may be irritating, presents no imminent danger. But when the night comes, what then?

For answer, there is that record of a century of Irish political history under the rhetoricians.

X.

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THE NUMIDIAN.

BY ERNST ECKSTEIN,  
AUTHOR OF "PRUSIAS," "APHRODITE," "THE  
CHALDEAN MAGICIAN," ETC.

Translated from the German by Mary J. Safford.

CHAPTER I.

DURING the reign of the Emperor Tiberius, an enterprising young merchant named Aulus Pucuvius lived in the city of Collu, west of ancient Carthage. Long before his birth his parents, Narbonensian Gauls, had emigrated to Collu, where, it is true, they missed the gay, stirring life of Mas-silia,<sup>1</sup> but, by way of compensation, they reaped from their energetically

<sup>1</sup> Marseilles.

conducted purple dye-works profits so large that, in the fourth year of their stay, they sent a ship of their own to Ostia to bring Roman artists and workmen to build a lavishly ornamented residence. After a short time the new home shone in all the splendor of the extremely showy architecture of those days—an object of admiring envy to the whole native population.

In this villa, under the date-palms of Collu, Aulus Pacuvius first beheld the light, and here he finished his education, which could vie in physical and mental culture with the training of the most favored aristocrats of the capitals.

Teachers from Panormus and Corduba gave him elementary instruction; a freedman of the household was his music-teacher, Aristodemus of Halicarnassus, famed as a grammarian and admirable rhetorician, taught him the indispensable Greek. The natural sciences he acquired from the leech Rhodius, a slave, it is true, but a man whose intellectual gifts were so remarkable that the youth, who had a thirst for knowledge, prized his society far above that of the free-born Roman colonists, whose talk was almost exclusively of questions of gain.

Moreover, Aulus began early to attend to his father's business, visiting, with the regularity of an inspector, the extensive factories, the huge washing-rooms with their endless drying-grounds, the fulling and finishing halls.

He spent whole days in the laboratories, where two hundred slaves were busied in preparing the colors, from the deepest amethystine purple, which looked almost blue-black in the crucibles, to the brightest, most vivid scarlet. When scarcely twenty, he introduced marked improvements in the treatment of the crude dyes. Afterwards, by means of successful combinations, he obtained a new shade, which won the utmost popularity and, spite of its high price, was eagerly purchased.

Aulus Pacuvius also learned every detail of the business. He was familiar with the store-houses; he became thoroughly acquainted with the labors of

the clerks who corresponded with the great dealers in Rome, Massilia, Mediolanum, nay, even Lugdunum, far away in the land of the Batavians; for the purple textiles of the house of Pacuvius reached even the shore of the German Ocean and adorned with their welcome splendor the fair-haired wives and daughters of German nobles.

In a word, Aulus Pacuvius was abundantly capable of carrying on the extensive business which, at his father's death, passed into his control.

In his twenty-third year he managed the vast enterprise independently, assisted, it is true, by a number of tried employees and servants whom his father had trained carefully during three decades.

Collu, a short time before only a small market-town, had gained daily increasing importance through the extensive manufactories of the house of Pacuvius. Stimulated by the brilliant success of the enterprising firm, four, six, eight dyers of purple came to Collu from all quarters of the Roman Empire, bringing their household officers, assistants, and slaves, and endeavored to give young Pacuvius sprightly competition on the spot.

The recent arrival of an active and very wealthy rival, far more dangerous than all the rest, was the occasion of a serious consultation between Aulus and his mother, Septimia. Aulus Pacuvius had long pondered many plans of meeting the storm of competition. Now that Caius Livius Tabianus, the dreaded Ligurian merchant, had moved into his new house and commenced work in the factories whose extensive buildings resembled a village, the time for putting his ideas into practice seemed to have arrived.

It was December. Aulus and his mother were sitting in the portico of the peristyle, while the tops of the palm-trees that surrounded the fountain were already tinged with crimson by the sunset light. Aulus had been eloquently explaining his plan, which meant an extension of the entire business. Numerous investigations had showed him that the flocks of sheep on

the shore of the Tritonian Lake, which hitherto had been used solely by natives, yielded, when managed by experts, fleeces whose fineness and other valuable qualities far surpassed even the costly Tarentine wool, and seemed especially adapted to take the light and medium shades of scarlet. When transferred, by way of experiment, to Collu, the sheep speedily deteriorated, while properly tended on the spot they annually promised a more valuable product.

"I visited the lake last January," said Aulus Pacuvius. "On its western shore is a pleasant little town called Nepte, surrounded by the most beautiful vegetation, extremely healthful — spite of the heat, which is borne without difficulty, even by the Romans — and the best pasturage you can imagine. I have chosen this Nepte for myself, and, if you think I can leave here without injury to the business, I should like to go before the end of the month, with some of our most trusted people, and establish the long-planned station."

Septimia had listened intently.

"It seems to me that you would do well to delay the matter no longer," she answered firmly. "Everything is moving smoothly here; our overseers and managers are competent, and, in case of necessity, I myself can give a word of counsel. Yet, to procure a new means of bidding this Ligurian defiance seems to me sufficiently important to recommend the affair, even though it were a risk."

"By the omniscient son of Atlas," replied Aulus, "it is none in any respect, the only points that appeared to me doubtful were the date and whether I could be spared here at this time. As I calculate, my project would be highly desirable, even without the superiority of the Tritonian wool; for we shall save a quarter, if not a third of the raw products."

Septimia nodded.

"Then you must first obtain a number of breeders? Or do you intend to carry on the manufacturing there too?"

"As soon as possible. It will cost

scarcely half as much to maintain the slaves and laborers in Nepte, and it will be no more difficult to transport the woven goods than the raw material. Nay, I'm not sure that, at some future day, I shall not remove even the dyes from Collu and finish the goods there ready for shipment. All this can be determined after we have obtained some experience. Meantime, I am glad that you approve my plans. I shall proceed to execute them with all the more confidence."

He pressed her hand tenderly. Just at that moment a fair-haired Sigambrian entered the peristyle.

"Mistress," he said, bowing, "the Ligurian merchant, Livius Tabianus, with his wife and daughter, is waiting in the atrium. He craves admittance."

"What? Tabianus?" cried Septimia, starting up. "The wolf in the fable. What say you, Aulus? I won't deny that the arrogant man, with his formal palace manners is extremely disagreeable to me. I saw him day before yesterday in the shady avenues of the Tiberian Field, reclining in his luxurious litter in so haughty an attitude, and issuing orders to his Ethiopian slaves in words so pompous, that I said to myself: 'No senator, were he thrice a consul, could put on greater airs than this upstart.'"

Aulus Pacuvius smiled.

"Do you speak wholly without prejudice?" he asked mischievously. "I have met him several times too, but I must admit that he made no such disagreeable impression on me. Energetic and aristocratic, true, but nothing more. I'm afraid you regarded him a little too much from the standpoint of our threatened sole mastery."

"Do you think so?"

"Yet, however that may be, Tabianus knocks at our door as a newly arrived fellow citizen; so courtesy requires us to open it. Go, Gaipor, and show the visitors the way to the peristyle."

While speaking, Aulus Pacuvius had risen and, following the Sigambrian, now approached the entrance of the corridor leading from the right of the



tablinum to the atrium. As Livius Tabianus advanced at the side of the slave, the young merchant greeted his dreaded rival with a courtesy which even a Roman of the purest blood would have termed urban. Then, while the latter turned to Septimia, Aulus welcomed the wife and daughter of Livius.

"Lady," said the Ligurian, bending his grey head with mingled dignity and grace, "I deemed it my duty, as well as my precious privilege, to seek, first of all, the inhabitants of Collu, the Pacuvius family, and earnestly entreat their neighborly friendship—my duty, because it has ever been my maxim to pay respect to genuine merit; my privilege, because men who pursue the same calling are united by a sort of fraternal bond, even before they are acquainted."

As he stood there, with the white toga draped in graceful folds around his broad shoulders, and his strongly marked features and somewhat deep-set eyes animated by a pleasant smile, he was indeed the ideal of a perfect aristocrat, though his father, a member of a provincial family, had not obtained the rank of a knight until late in life.

His appearance instantly produced a change in Septimia's opinion; but with the awakening interest her heart sank with vague anxiety, roused by the consciousness that this man, of all others, was the very person best calculated to introduce most important changes into the business life of Collu, and thus require never-ceasing watchfulness on the part of the house of Pacuvius.

"I am glad that you and my son Aulus show so praiseworthy a spirit," she answered, in a somewhat unsteady voice. "What we can do to promote neighborly relations shall be joyfully undertaken. Here, amid a foreign population, we are even more closely drawn to the few whose language and cultivation we share."

"Especially you ladies," Livius Tabianus answered. "I shall be often obliged to leave my family alone. It will afford a sense of pleasant security

to know that those who remain at home will not lack companionship. So I will venture to commend my wife Aurelia and especially my little daughter Livia to your favor and kindness."

While uttering these courteous phrases with a graceful wave of the hand, Aurelia and her daughter, a girl of sixteen, approached Septimia.

Both wore light-hued stolæ, embroidered along the upper edge with green and silver, and bright red veils.

Aurelia, a woman about thirty-four years old, of the northern type—she came from the shores of the Ems and her father was a Frisian noble—seemed slightly embarrassed, spite of the dignified composure of her manner and movements. She knew that—to call things by their right names—she confronted a rival and, to her frank, open nature, the consciousness was oppressive. Through the slaves, who were not more taciturn in Collu than in Massilia or Rome, she had learned how deeply Septimia, usually so just, had been angered by the arrival of the Ligurian, how for weeks she had been secretly discussing with the overseer of her factories plans for averting the real and fancied peril.

It was precisely because the efforts of the house of Pacuvius had been described to him in such vivid colors that Caius Tabianus had resolved upon making an advance as quickly as possible for, so he told Aurelia, a thorough knowledge of one's opponent is the first condition of a complete victory. Therefore Aurelia approached Septimia with a certain degree of reserve, and almost hesitated to clasp the hand the latter graciously offered.

Livia's manner was very different. In her whole appearance—the nut-brown hair, sparkling eyes, slender, pliant figure—she bore a greater resemblance to her father. Yet the charming grace with which she bowed before Septimia and kissed her fingertips plainly showed that she was wholly unconscious of the considerations which influenced her parents' conduct.

After a short time the whole party launched into gay conversation.

Caius Livius described the tempestuous voyage, which had lasted nearly a week longer than had been expected.

Aurelia, whose embarrassment seemed gradually to disappear, told her eager hostess about the life and customs in distant Germany.

Livia, after listening a long time, at last turned to Aulus, who had asked whether she was not already homesick for the olive-clad hills of Albium Tuganum.

"Terribly homesick," she eagerly answered. "Everything here is so strange and desolate; I don't know a living soul, and the mountains are as bare as the skulls of the priests of Isis. But what is to be done? When the parents move, a dutiful daughter must follow — and at last a patient heart can become accustomed even to Collu."

"I don't find Collu so disagreeable," said Aulus.

"I can easily believe that!" replied Livia. "Don't we hear that even the inhabitants of Scandia think their inhospitable shores a Paradise? Home is beautiful everywhere, merely because it is home. Besides, when I look at your palace here — for it is a palace, the Cæsar himself is not more magnificently lodged in Rome — I think life might well be endurable. These Corinthian columns, this costly inlaid work, these magnificent wall-paintings! And here in the centre of the peristyle, the bewitching palm-trees as tall as Alexandrian obelisks! Ah, and the flowers! They bloom around the fountain like perpetual spring."

"Then you love flowers?"

"How could I help it? Music and flowers — why, they are my delight."

"Then come into the garden with me. You will find there, in a thousand times greater luxuriance, what is here confined merely to the border of the basin."

Livia glanced at her father, who was now discussing with thorough appreciation the state of affairs in the capital of the empire. Then, forming a hasty resolution, she rose.

"It is just the right time," said Aulus Pacuvius, looking upward to the

sky, flaming in all the glory of sunset. "Everything will now be glittering in the pomp of countless dew-drops."

The young couple walked along the colonnade to the door. An intoxicating fragrance met them. The garden contained a peerless wealth of blossoms. As far as the eye could reach it beheld dense shrubs, luxuriant leaf-plants, and bright, dew-sprinkled flowers.

Gazing, wondering, scarcely capable of speech, Livia wandered through this magnificent wilderness. She felt as if she were in one of the half-waking dreams that blend our thoughts and wishes into a single mood.

Aulus, not desiring to weaken the sweet spell by words, walked at her side in silence.

While the young girl inhaled the balmy air, Aulus ever and anon broke a flower from its stalk, a spray from a shrub, arranging the whole in a semi-circular bunch which, when they paused, he handed to her with a few courteous words.

A faint flush tinged her smiling face, or was it the reflection of the sunset sky?

"I thank you, sir," she said pleasantly, fastening the flowers in her girdle.

Then, as her eyes wandered over the blossoming beds, she exclaimed with a touch of enthusiasm: —

"How beautiful it is — inexpressibly beautiful! We lack nothing but one of the songs that echo from the vessels passing the shore of Albium Tuganum, to fancy ourselves in Elysium. Music and flowers, as I said, are my greatest delight, and they belong to one another like the sea and the sky."

Aulus smiled.

"Unluckily I don't sing; but the music of stringed instruments is subject to the same god as the living human voice. My cithara hangs yonder in the summer-house at the right of the broad-branched carob-tree. If you desire I will play the 'Song of the Sailor;' you know the splendid rower's chant by the Gaditanian master, Publius Marinus."

"Ah, that would be delightful!"

Aulus Pacuvius, moving a little in advance of his companion, went to the dainty building, opened one of the ivory doors, and waited for Livia to cross the threshold.

The apartment revealed somewhat resembled a temple, pierced on both sides with numerous openings, protected against the sun and rain by a wooden gable-roof, and on the sides by red plaid sail-cloth.

In the place which, in a temple, is occupied by a statue of the deity stood a round monopodium with a sigma-shaped sofa.

As Livia, in obedience to a sign from her companion, sat down on the couch, Pacuvius took the nine-stringed lyre, hung the crocus-colored ribbon over his shoulder, and began to use the little staff. The cool evening breeze floated into the hall through the parted curtains. Far away against the blue-green sky the waving tops of a huge group of pine-trees rose like dim, brown silhouettes, for twilight was gathering rapidly. Clearer and still more golden the moon floated over the fragrant sea of flowers, and now amid all this fairy splendor the sweet, melancholy air of the Andalusian musician echoed in silver tones through the silent pavilion.

Livia did not stir. When the youth had finished, she drew a long breath, pulled the light palla closer around her shoulders, and rising, said:—

"You are a master, Pacuvius. While listening I forgot that night was closing in. What will my parents say! It was my duty to hear what my father was relating about the emperor's court and governmental plans of the omnipotent Sejanus. That is educational, and befits a young Roman maiden. But, alas! my luckless fondness for the flowers I shall never unlearn it while I live. Come, and make my apologies to Septimia!"

"There is no need," replied Pacuvius. "Fortunately, we are not living in Massilia or Rome, where young girls are kept in cages."

Meantime, Livia's parents and Septimia had been so absorbed in conversa-

tion that they had scarcely noticed the young people's absence.

Livius Tabianus's attention was first attracted when the pair came through the doorway into the glare of the torches which had just been lighted.

A significant smile glided over his face; the slight touch of excitement visible in the manner of both Livia and Aulus did not escape his notice.

"Who knows?" he thought, and began a series of quiet reflections which abruptly ended the conversation. Aurelia availed herself of the pause to give the signal for departure. Septimia accompanied her guests to the vestibulum and cordially thanked them for the visit, which she promised to return as soon as possible.

When the door closed behind the three, Septimia put her arm through her son's, saying, as they went back across the atrium:—

"This Livius Tabianus is a man of intellect, and, what is more, a man of character. It will be a fierce fight, Aulus! Yet why need we fight? Must two powers, moving in the same sphere, always work against one another? Would not more be gained if they went hand in hand, in beautiful and peaceful fraternity?"

"What do you mean by that, mother?"

"Why, it is a matter of course. If Tabianus, as things now stand, wishes to compete with the house of Pacuvius, he must enter paths whose final end will be disastrous. Since he cannot make better goods than we, he will perceive that he must sell at lower prices; and this will rob him of the largest share of his profits; but at the same time it will force us to adopt a similar rule. If, on the other hand, he were connected with us——"

Aulus Pacuvius shook his head vehemently.

"Connected?" he repeated suspiciously. "I don't believe in the possibility of such connections. Where they seem feasible it is a delusion; one commands and the other obeys; here, too, Homer's saying about the evils of many masters asserts itself.

Who, in case of a so-called partnership between us and Tabianus, would play the part of servant? You smile, mother, for you feel that the sun would move backward, ere a Pacuvius would retire into so pitiable a position. And Livius Tabianus, whose every look expresses aristocratic pride, would no more be ruled than I."

"Yet some expedient might be found — some arrangement that would render it possible for you to yield the foremost place to Tabianus for a few years in order to manage everything with twofold energy. What do you think of Livia?"

"Mother!" replied Aulus reproachfully.

"Answer me! Did you ever see a brighter, prettier, more agreeable girl? Your heart is free, Aulus."

"Mother, I will not hope —"

"Oh, I understand. No sordid motive must influence your choice of a life companion. If you say, I don't like Livia, the matter is settled — now and forever. Yet it seemed — sometimes accident — and when I say to myself — Answer; how do you like her?"

"Dear mother! How do I like her? Livia? All-bountiful Jupiter! How do I like the sun, the sparkling sea, the spring, the loveliness of flowers and of music? She belongs to all, and I think —"

"By Cypria, you are really in the best way to fall in love!" interrupted Septimia. "Surely nothing could happen better. Try your fortune — woo, admire, idolize! I suppose you will now defer your journey?"

"Nay, mother," replied Aulus firmly. "Duty above everything. I should have no rest here until I had executed what we have planned."

"And suppose, meanwhile, that Livia should give her heart to another?"

"Then nothing is lost to me," he replied sadly. "She must have understood to-day — or we shall never understand each other! Besides, the very test I impose on myself seems to me sensible. If I can forget Livia, she is

not the right one, and I shall remain free — spite of the passionate contradiction now raging in my heart; for my rebellious heart desires to know no possibility of deception. Day after to-morrow — that is decided — day after to-morrow I shall set out."

"Strange boy! How excited you are! I never saw you in such a mood before, Aulus. Wait until next month. Or even a week longer."

"Not a day beyond the time appointed! Our plans are of the utmost importance. If they succeed, I shall stand without question Livius Tabianus's conqueror — and should I then seek his daughter's hand —"

"You will know that he can put no base interpretation upon your suit. You are proud, Aulus, but I love the haughty obstinacy you have inherited from your father! Go — and may the gods favor you."

## CHAPTER II.

THREE men were riding through the dense woods which stretched from the mountain slope in the north-west to the Tritonian Lake: Aulus Pacuvius, his freedman, Philippus, and the house slave Gaipor. The rest of the train, consisting of workmen of all trades, clerks and book-keepers, sailors and carpenters, mechanics and runners, had remained several miles behind; for, since leaving the little village of Batisia no one had tasted meat, and the upper part of the Tritonian forest afforded an admirable hunting-ground. Aulus Pacuvius, urged by his impatience, had felt no inclination to share these expeditions or even to wait for their results.

At first a Batisian guide had preceded the three mounted men. But when they could catch, through the tree-trunks at the left, glimpses of the lake, and peaceful, secluded Nepte with its wooden houses shaded by date-palms, carob, and pepper trees, the Batisian, who had hitherto walked before them in silence, turned courteously to Aulus and, in broken Latin, asked if the noble gentleman would pay him; the road, which at this point perceptibly widened,

could not be missed ; and his friends at home, where his mother lay ill, were watching eagerly for him. Aulus thought of his faithful mother Septimia, took his goat-skin pouch from his girdle, gave the man the promised gold coin and something more to boot, and did not even find time to notice that the latter watched his movements with a singularly keen glance.

"Farewell !" he said thoughtfully, as the Batisian, with his curly head bowed to the ground, wished him a prosperous journey. Then after the native had left them they rode more swiftly toward the valley.

Instead of widening, the path grew narrower and rougher every moment. Aulus, who had kept at his freedman's side, was forced to send him forward, since there was no longer space for two horses abreast. At last the path again turned upward. Half an hour later, it was evident that they had missed the road to Nepte.

"Incomprehensible !" muttered Aulus Pacuvius.

Philippus shook his head gravely.

"It's a rascally trick of the Batisian !" he said emphatically. "I distrusted the fellow from the first moment—and had not my dear master been so absorbed in his plans, he would have noticed, as well as I, that the sly Batisian has the evil eye."

The freedman, while speaking, stopped his horse, and turned its head.

"Are you in earnest ?" asked Aulus Pacuvius, also drawing rein. "Was it intentional ? Yet what possible motive —"

Philippus shrugged his shoulders.

"These people are crafty—and more faithless than the Greeks. Who can fathom what the traitor had in view ? At any rate, we shall be wise to be upon our guard."

"And what are we to do now ?"

"We will ride back. I remember that, twenty minutes before the fellow quitted us, the road forked ; the path to the left, which we did not take, was the way to Nepte, I'll wager my head on that."

"Curses on him !" cried Aulus Pacu-

vius. "It has grown late. Darkness will be upon us in a twinkling."

"In twenty minutes," said the fair-haired Gaipor.

"Let us turn, then !" said Pacuvius.

"And keep our swords ready !" added the freedman. "I cannot believe that the Batisian's trick was but a spiteful jest."

"What ? Do you think —"

"I think the worst, especially as we know that the man with the evil eye has lived several years in Nepte. So he is familiar with the surroundings, and probably has an obliging comrade here and there who will lend him a helping hand. Master, with all due respect, let this be the first and last time we part from the escort. I vowed to your mother on the household altar to watch over her son's safety every hour. So I deem it my duty —"

Ere he finished the sentence, a strange, whirring sound fell upon his ear, and a Numidian arrow quivered in the trunk of the pine-tree before which he was standing.

"The love-greeting of our Ephialtes," remarked Philippus, a slight pallor blanching his face. "Let us dismount and, if possible, seek shelter, for these feathered shafts are like the lightnings of Saturn. I assure you —"

A second arrow stopped his speech. This time the foe had aimed better. The sharp missile pierced the freedman's right shoulder, and directly after a third struck the shoulder of the horse from whose saddle Aulus Pacuvius had just dismounted.

"This is growing serious," groaned Philippus, tearing the shaft from the wound. "Fly, if you can. The scoundrels—for there are three or four of them—care little about me ; they seek you, your far-famed millions, and the extortion of a heavy ransom. They will drag you away. No, no, take no heed of me. The wound—I'll bandage it at once, and even should I bleed to death—Ah, the scoundrel has aimed well."

He was just in time, by the exertion



of all his strength, to dismount from the horse and grasp the steel in his left hand. Then darkness surrounded him, and he sank groaning on the ground.

Gaipor, the Sigambrian slave, had also sprung from the saddle, and now crept like a weazel through the bushes, leaving Aulus uncertain whether the movement meant cowardly flight or eager defence.

He himself waited motionless, almost paralyzed. The fact that the third dart had struck a horse, and no other shaft had been aimed at him, though he was wholly unprotected, left him in no doubt that the object in view was his capture.

So, winding his light travelling cloak around his left arm, and holding the keen sword blade ready in his right hand, he stood waiting the assault.

"Yield, Aulus Pacuvius!" called the voice of the treacherous Batisian, who now emerged from the thicket, followed by three strong, sullen-browed youths. "You shall be unharmed in life and limb; you need only spend a few weeks with us in the mountains, till a thousand gold pieces can be sent from Collu. Resist, and you are lost. There are four of us stout fellows, armed to the teeth. So down with your sword, and go with us willingly."

He raised a dagger a foot long as he spoke.

Aulus Pacuvius hesitated. The battle — with the freedman lying bleeding on the ground and Gaipor far away — was absolutely unequal. What availed resistance? Even the immortal gods do not risk a struggle with the omnipotence of Fate. He was already half on the point of yielding to the Batisian's demand, when one of the latter's supporters fell forward with a shrill shriek. As the others turned, the second was sinking, pierced by the sword of the intrepid Gaipor, who had outwitted the bandits in German fashion. In their boundless selfishness, the Africans had not understood the meaning of a Sigambrian's fidelity; they had supposed it impossible that a slave who could fly would risk his life in his master's defence.

As the two survivors now rushed upon Gaipor, Aulus Pacuvius, as though shamed by his attendant, wrathfully raised his weapon. A short struggle, and the last of the bold robbers writhed bleeding on the ground.

But the young merchant had not escaped scathless. A glittering stiletto pierced him almost in the same spot that the arrow had struck Philippos; and when Gaipor turned triumphantly to congratulate his master, he was just in time to catch his sinking form.

Meanwhile, darkness had closed in. The crescent moon cast only a dim light through the dense foliage of the trees, and the underbrush was black as night.

Gaipor laid his master on the dewy moss, but he dared not draw the steel from the wound, fearing the loss of blood.

Now he stood, uncertain what to do.

Should he hasten through the pathless woods to Nepte to bring aid?

He scarcely had a choice; yet how could he venture to leave his beloved master and the worthy Philippos alone in this wilderness, perhaps to fall victims to the jackals, which were as numerous in this country as dogs in the North.

While pondering, something rustled over the dry pine-needles a short distance away.

"There are the hideous creatures already!" he sighed, drawing his sword again.

But the noise was caused by the regular tread of some person descending to the valley.

There was evidently a path over yonder, barely a hundred yards away, the noise sounded so firm and regular through the silence of the night.

With little hesitation, the Sigambrian raised his powerful voice.

It was a German call for help that rang from his lips in the Numidian forest; but anxiety and need speak a universal language.

The noise ceased. As Gaipor shouted a second time, an answer came, half promising, half enquiring. A strange,

metallic tone, softly modulated—the sound of a woman's voice.

"Stranger!" called Gaipor, in Latin, "whoever you may be, come and save my master."

As if in explanation, Aulus Pacuvius now uttered a deep groan; it sounded as though it came from some one in mortal agony.

There was a rustling, cracking noise in the thicket, the branches were bent aside, and a woman's bare, brown shoulder gleamed in the flickering moonbeams that streamed between the tops of the lofty trees. Her face was in shadow; but the outlines of the full, firmly knit figure betrayed that she was young. As she advanced, and saw the richly clad Roman who, with his head in the Sigambrian's lap, almost resembled a corpse, she uttered a stifled cry, then added a few hasty words, of which Gaipor did not understand a syllable. Shaking her head, in her turn, at his distinctly emphasized Latin, she shrugged her shoulders and pointed downward in the direction of Nepte, without being able to make Gaipor comprehend her meaning.

Fortunately, Pacuvius now opened his eyes. Intercourse with the numerous slaves and hirelings of African origin, whom he employed in the factories of Collu, had made the young merchant sufficiently familiar with the Numidian tongue to understand readily, spite of different dialects, natives of all the various districts.

"Girl," he said, "get us some men to carry me and my faithful Philippus to a place of safety. Robbers have attacked us, we are wounded, the future must determine how seriously. I promise you gold—"

The young Numidian had gazed intently into his face. Her sparkling eyes seemed striving to pierce the gloom. At the sound of his voice, her lips moved silently, as though she were trying to follow every syllable.

Then she answered quickly:—

"Jurta asks no payment when a Roman's life is to be saved. Jurta is a friend of the great emperor who gave her father his freedom. But I am

doubly glad to serve you, because you seem to be a friend of the Numidians. Else how should you speak their language? Have patience—an hour at the utmost. I know every path here. Like the gazelle, I will hasten down; like the gazelle I will return. My brother, with whom I live, and his neighbors, the wreckers, will help me as soon as I ask their aid. Meanwhile, soak this cloth in dew and bind it on your forehead, and here is a plant growing among the roots of the pines—put it into your mouth and chew it thoroughly; it will preserve your strength."

While speaking, she had unbound the white kerchief from her head and handed it to the slave Gaipor. Her dark hair floated in magnificent waves over her neck. Then she gathered a handful of some strongly aromatic plant, offered it with singular timidity to the wounded man, and vanished like a flash of lightning.

Gaipor pressed the cloth on the dripping leaves and then laid the moistened bandage on his master's head.

"In the North, the leeches say that the night dew has a healing power. As for the plant, I beg you, master, not to heed the Numidian's advice. Like Philippus, I distrust these dark-skinned people; what we have experienced warns us to be cautious. Who will guarantee that this seeming friend has no evil design in view? Had I stopped to consider—"

Aulus Pacuvius smiled.

"You are mistaken," he answered, sighing. "There is no guile in this girl; her voice thrilled with the genuine natural earnestness of woman's desire to aid. But I hope I shall need no simples to keep up my strength. Now that the shock is over, I feel that my wound is slight. I was overcome by excitement, terror, rage."

He tried to rise, but instantly sank back again. A strange shiver ran through his limbs. Gaipor unbuckled the dead horse's blanket and spread it over his master, gave him a few drops of Chian wine, then turned to Philippus and bestowed on him also, as well

as his skill permitted, the services of a nurse.

While thus employed, he listened from time to time to discover whether any fresh danger was threatening, perhaps from a panther; for a low roar, half borne away by the night breeze, echoed from the summit of the mountain range. Gaipor was ignorant that the lions and panthers which, up to the last decade, had strayed close to the shore of the lake had been completely extirpated four or five years before; for the great hunter, Cneius Marcellus, who supplied the beast-tamers of the seven-hilled city with wild animals, had speedily disposed of all the beasts of prey near Nepte, where he made his headquarters. Nothing but lynxes and foxes lived farther north and, if anything more dangerous from the stony wilderness of the lofty mountains, lost its way among the woods, Cneius Marcellus's three hundred and fifty hunters speedily put an end to the unexpected visitor.

Gaipor reckoned the time thus spent in waiting as nearly two hours, when the faint glimmer of two lanterns shone through the underbrush, and human voices were heard.

Ere her companions reached the spot, Jurta, panting for breath, appeared between the bushes.

"At last!" cried the Sigambrian.

"I have kept you waiting," said Jurta, turning to Aulus, who feebly opened his eyes, "but it is the fault of accident. My brother, whom I expected to find, was not at home; the two wreckers were away also, and when Sitho, the boy who looks after the house, told me that they had gone with my brother across the bay to Jelkar's garden to play there, I hastily entered the boat; for I thought that the six or seven bowshots were quickly traversed and, rather than try to persuade others, and perhaps fail in vain — But Jelkar told me that neither my brother nor the wreckers had been there during the day, so I was forced to return with my purpose unaccomplished. Then there was a long discussion, for the men of Nepte are

disobliging and very lazy, and they hate me because they think me proud. But at last when I urged that the wounded man was a distinguished foreigner, and rich besides, I succeeded in getting a couple of sailors; here they are, and we have brought two litters. True, your attendant must lend a hand too."

The two sailors, dark figures, nude to the hips, advanced. Each carried in his girdle a small lantern, a clay lamp in a case of thin horn plates. They had laid the two litters, woven of stout reeds, one above the other, and were casting half curious, half suspicious glances from under their bushy brows at the fair-haired Sigambrian, whose powerful muscular development evidently inspired them with the utmost respect. Then they stared at the prostrate Aulus Pacuvius, who had thanked his kind preserver in a whisper, and now promised the two men a generous reward for the service they were to render.

"There lies the other one," said Jurta eagerly. "Lift him carefully, do you hear? And then move on. I and this fair-haired fellow will manage here alone."

"What? You would —" asked Aulus Pacuvius. "My good girl, you don't realize the weight. True, my worthy Gaipor has the strength of three; nevertheless —"

"Oh, I am young and strong," replied Jurta. "What those two can do" (her voice sounded slightly contemptuous), "I can also. We belong to a race of hunters and, if you ask, you can learn in Nepte how last spring in the mountains I killed a half-grown lion with no other weapon than these two hands."

"You? With those pretty, dainty fingers."

"Yes, my lord. I clutched his throat — so. And, as I pressed close against him, he could do me no harm with his claws. True, as I said, he was only half grown. But won't you tell your follower to help me? He does not understand my language."

"Very well. You must surely know

your own strength, kind Jurta. That was your name, was it not?"

"Jurta, daughter of Manso," she replied.

Meanwhile Aulus had translated the girl's words to the Sigambrian. Gaipor and the Numidian raised him carefully from the ground and laid him on the woven reeds, while the two sailors, bearing the unconscious form of Philip-pus, were already on their way to the valley. It was toilsome work descending the path overgrown with tangled roots, sometimes over rocky ridges and pebbles, sometimes over dewy moss and slippery pine-needles. At first Gaipor strode vigorously in front, so that the larger part of the burden rested on him. But it soon became evident that the German's tread was uncertain in this African wilderness, especially as the leather half shoes he wore did not permit his feet to take a firm hold. So Jurta changed places with him, undeterred by the remonstrance of the wounded man, who could not shake off a sense of discomfort at being thus carried by a woman's hands. The two horses followed, unled, their steaming nostrils pressed to the ground.

For a long time Aulus remained silent. He felt extremely exhausted; the constant jarring which, spite of his bearers' care, could not be avoided, hurt him. But when they reached the edge of the woods, where the plain began, and a cool breeze blew from the lake, a feeling of refreshment and strength came over him, and he thought it advisable to tell the Numidian where he expected to find shelter.

"I have letters of introduction to Cneius Marcellus," he began. "I suppose you know his name."

"Know him!" exclaimed Jurta, turning her head.

Pacuvius for the first time saw her features clearly in the full flood of the moonlight. They bore the unmistakable impress of the native type—yet they lacked the ignoble roughness characteristic of most of the inhabitants of the region near Lake Tritonis. The

full lips indicated a sensuous temperament, blended with genuine womanly tenderness of heart, the sparkling eyes had an expression of secret yearning and quiet sorrow.

"Know him!" she repeated, smiling, and her regular teeth gleamed like pearls. "My father served him six years as a huntsman till the miserable Corduban, his foe, slew him. Now my brother Onisso often goes with him into the stony desert to rob the lioness of her cubs, or dig pits to catch the full-grown animals. Cneius Marcellus, the hunter! All Nepte talks from morning till night of him and his vast gains. He is the richest man in all this region, far down to the Tabæan Bay. Look yonder—the building at the right of the red fire light, yonder where the tallest palms rise—that is his house. But you come at the wrong time; he went away, with all his house-slaves and freedmen, the first of the month."

"Then his representative will receive me."

"The house is closed."

"Closed?" repeated Pacuvius. "Has he left no slave to attend to domestic affairs?"

"The men who live farther down by the lake look after everything that is necessary. But he runs no risk—all Nepte serves him as watchers—and he has sent his millions to Rome and Massilia to buy large estates. Many Roman citizens are said to owe him money."

"So he is absent!" sighed Pacuvius. "I call that a piece of ill-fortune. Now, just as Philippos and I need care. Is there an inn here?"

"A wretched hut, where mule-drivers and traders spend the night with their camels. But it would be a horrible place for you. No, my lord, the matter is plain: you must find shelter in the house of Onisso and Jurta. My brother is a rude, unpolished fellow, it is true, but he knows the duties of hospitality, and any one whom I bring across the threshold he honors as though he were the priest of the grey Spirit of the Storm in person. Our hut is plain enough, but comfortable and

pleasant compared with the wretched straw in the mule-drivers' tavern. Besides, I know how to nurse wounded men. Don't object; there is no choice."

"Ay, there is no choice," replied Pacuvius. "Everything that happens here proves that we are the powerless slaves of destiny. So, I will go with you, Jurta."

"You will have no cause to regret it," she said eagerly.

Then, as if she could not wait to reach home, she moved on with a still more vigorous tread and said no more to the wounded man.

Aulus Pacuvius struggled against his exhaustion, but at the end of five minutes, he sank into a drowsy stupor, from which he was roused by an exclamation of astonishment from Jurta.

They had reached the hut. The Numidian, taking the horn lantern from one of the sailors, opened it and lighted the room. To her amazement she found her brother Onisso's couch untouched. As he had been busy with the hunters early in the morning—for he was master of the art of making indestructible snares—Onisso was in the habit of going to bed with the utmost regularity three hours before midnight. That time had passed long ago. What did it mean?

Jurta thought of her unsuccessful visit to Jelkar's garden, and a strange foreboding stole over her.

"Ask at the wreckers' hut whether they have returned!" she said to the younger of the two sailors.

The man went off, while Jurta covered the couch of rushes with a clean woollen cloth with a bright border, and then tried to make the bed as soft and comfortable as possible for the wounded man. Her thoughts seemed wholly devoted to Pacuvius—the Sigambrian could attend to poor Philippus.

After this first and most necessary duty was performed by the glimmer of the little horn lantern, Jurta lighted a small clay lamp and set to work at once to bandage Aulus Pacuvius's wounds.

She executed this task with so much

skill that she had just finished when the messenger came back from the wreckers' hut.

"Sitho is as much puzzled as you are," he said, shrugging his shoulders. "For the last hour he has been listening to every step—in vain."

Jurta laid her right hand on the young merchant's skilfully adjusted bandage, as if to smooth it, then gazed questioningly at the speaker.

"Incomprehensible!" she said, knitting her brows.

Her eyes fell on the wall where Onisso's weapons hung neatly arranged on hooks. A dagger and a bow were missing.

"By all the immortals!" she exclaimed in passionate excitement, and involuntarily seized the blood-stained weapon she had just drawn from the young Roman's shoulder.

Then she uttered a sigh of relief—the dagger was a stranger's. But her face clouded again and she trembled. With a throbbing heart she remembered a threatening word Onisso had spoken on his return from a recent hunting expedition. At that time she had regarded it as the expression of an angry mood; now it suggested a different meaning. And the wreckers! They had inherited property from their father, and long led an idle life, emptying many a beaker in the Roman wine-shops, and finding much pleasure in the favorite game of the seven-hilled city, dice. The neighbors said that the oldest had lost more to one of Cneius Marcellus's hunters in a single hour than a steady man could earn in two years.

"Please send the boy Sitho to me!" said Jurta, turning to the sailor again. "I feel anxious—I don't know—Run, I beg you."

The man darted off. Half dazed, Jurta now went to Philippus, who was severely wounded. With trembling hands she washed his bleeding shoulder, bandaged it, and poured a few drops of palm wine between his lips. All was done carefully and thoroughly, yet one could see plainly that her mind was not in her work. When Philip-



pus, who had lain unconscious, sighed heavily and opened his eyes, no ray of pleasure flitted across her face. She only listened anxiously and silently for any sound that might enter through the wide-open door, and motioned the Sigambrian to keep quiet.

"Sitho!" she called, as the boy at last entered with the sailor, "do you know this weapon?"

"That — that's the Yellow One's golden ray!" stammered Sitho. "Yes, yes, I know it. Aspala, his sweetheart, gave it to him three days before she was drowned."

The Yellow One was the name given to the younger wrecker, from his remarkably pale complexion; according to the gossip of the people he was the son of a Gaul.

"You are sure?" asked the Numidian, gripping the lad's wrist so hard that he shrank.

"As sure as I live! I've often rubbed the handle with fine sand; and here is the sign: the sun with three stars."

"Then I curse the hour that led my brother to your house," Jurta moaned despairingly.

Aulus Pacuvius, spite of his wound, raised himself.

Jurta flung herself on her knees before his couch.

"Do not make me atone for the crime!" she pleaded mournfully. "He was reckless, but not wicked. The wreckers led his heart astray by their craft. Be generous, oh stranger! Never more shall he enter this house, I swear it by the omnipotent Spirit of the Storm—he has lost his sister; but at least grant him life and limb, leave him the possibility of escape, that the Romans' wrath may not crush him."

"Poor Jurta!" said Pacuvius, deeply moved; "if it is true that your brother was among the robbers who attacked me he has nothing to fear from the law. It is hard enough that you should experience this grief; but it is the unfortunate man's own doing. Know then, not one of our foes survived his deed."

With a terrible shriek the Numidian girl fell fainting beside Aulus's couch.

From *The National Review*.  
MATTHEW ARNOLD.<sup>1</sup>

WHEN your principal asked me to select a topic for a lecture, I replied, in a moment of weakness, that I would speak of Matthew Arnold. The choice was partly suggested by an observation made on a recent visit to the United States. It struck me that Arnold's merits were more fully recognized there than in his own country; though I hope that here, too, they do not lack appreciation. American opinion is probably not infallible. Still, fame on the other side of the Atlantic establishes a certain presumption of excellence. It proves that a man's influence was not created by, and may sometimes indicate that it has been partly obscured by, our local prejudices. At any rate, the observation suggested some thoughts, which, it occurred to me, might be worth submitting to an English audience. Well, I have been ever since repenting my decision. The reasons against my enterprise are indeed so strong that I am now almost afraid to mention them. In the first place, I knew Arnold personally, though I cannot boast of having known him so intimately as to be provided with reminiscences. At one of my meetings with him, indeed, I do remember a remark which was made, and which struck me at the moment as singularly happy. Unfortunately, it was a remark made by me and not by him. Nothing, therefore, should induce me to report it, although, if you attend to what I am about to say, you will perhaps hear it, and, I hope, recognize it by this description. But, though our acquaintance was not so close as I could have wished, it left me with a singularly strong impression of Arnold's personal charm. Though the objects of my worship were to him mere wooden idols; though I once

<sup>1</sup> A lecture delivered at the Owen's College, Manchester, 13th November, 1893.

satisfactorily confuted him in an article, now happily forgotten by myself and everybody else; though I was once even his editor, and forced in that capacity to reject certain articles, on grounds, of course, quite apart from literary merit; yet he was always not only courteous but cordial, and, I may almost say, affectionate. He had that obvious sweetness of nature, which it is impossible not to recognize and not to love. Though in controversy he took and gave many shrewd blows, he always received them with a courtesy, indicative not of mere policy or literary tact, but of dislike to inflicting pain and of incapacity for having any tolerably decent antagonist in flesh and blood. He was on excellent terms with the classes whose foibles he ridiculed most unsparingly, and even his own foibles were attractive. He had his vanity; but vanity is a quality to which moralists have never done justice. As distinguished from conceit, from a sullen conviction of your own superiority, it often implies a craving for sympathy and a confidence in the sincerity of your fellows, which is in the main, as his certainly was, an amiable and attractive characteristic. If it savored of intellectual coxcombry, it was redeemed by a simplicity and social amenity which showed that his nature had resisted the ossifying process which makes most of us commonplace and prosaic in later life. Now, I dislike criticism of personal acquaintance. "I love Robertson," said Johnson, "and I won't talk of his books." I feel the same, in a rather different sense, about Arnold. But, besides this, I have a difficulty to which I must refer at the risk of giving an impression of mock-modesty. I feel, that is, the great difficulty of speaking to purpose of a man whose intellectual type was so different from my own. Had Arnold been called upon to pronounce judgment upon me, he must, however reluctantly, have set me down as a Philistine. It is a word which I dislike; but I cannot deny that, in his phraseology, it would be indisputably appropriate. Sometimes, shrinking from a title which

certainly is not flattering to one's vanity, I try to regard the difference between us as somehow corresponding to the difference between our universities. Arnold was a typical Oxford man in the days when Oxford was stirred by the "movement" of which it is supposed to be proper to speak respectfully. Now, at Cambridge, we despised "movements;" we plodded through our Euclid or our Greek grammar, scorned sentimentalism and æsthetic revivals, and, if we took any interest in speculative matters, read John Stuart Mill, and were sound Utilitarians and orthodox Political Economists. Cambridge, as you are aware, is the right place, not Oxford; and a hard-headed senior wrangler is a superior being to a flighty double first-class man. But perhaps our well-founded knowledge that we were in the right path made us rather unfitted to judge of our sister university. We thought her impulsive, ill-balanced, too easily hurried into the pursuit of all kinds of theological, philosophical, and literary chimeras; and therefore were unjust to her substantial merits and even to the intellectual impulse which, with all its vagaries, was yet better than stagnation. After all, I am probably only trying to hint at the fundamental difference, not between Oxford and Cambridge, but between the poetic and the prosaic mind. We—for I may perhaps assume that some of you belong, like me, to the prosaic faction—feel, when dealing with such a man as Arnold, at a loss. He has intuitions where we have only calculations; he can strike out vivid pictures where we try laboriously to construct diagrams; he shows at once a type where our rough statistical and analytical tables fail to reveal more than a few tangible facts; he perceives the spirit and finer essence of an idea where it seems to slip through our coarser fingers, leaving only a residuum of sophistical paradox. In the long run, the prosaic weigher and measurer has one advantage: he is generally in the right. His tests may be coarser, but they are more decisive and less dependent upon his

own fancies ; but, when he tries to understand his rival ; to explain how at a bound the intuitive perception has reached conclusions after which he can only hobble on limping feet, he is apt to make a bungle of it ; to despise the power in which he is so deficient ; and probably to suggest unreasonable doubts as to its reality and value.

Here is, I feel, my real weakness in speaking of Arnold ; for I may certainly say at once that Arnold, whatever else he was, was a genuine poet. I do not dispute the general opinion of the day that there were only two poets of the first rank in his generation. Arnold must, no doubt, take a lower place than Tennyson and Browning. But, though I cannot avoid falling into the method of comparison, I do not accept with satisfaction the apparently implied doctrine that poets can be satisfactorily arranged in order of merit. We cannot give so many marks for style and so many for pathos or descriptive power. It is best to look at each poet by himself. We need only distinguish between the sham and the genuine article ; and my own method of distinguishing is a simple one. I believe in poetry which learns itself by heart. There are poems which dominate and haunt one ; which, once admitted, sting and cling to one ; and whose tune comes up and runs in one's head at odd moments ; which suddenly revive, after years of forgetfulness, as vigorous and lively as ever. Such poetry, as Wordsworth told Arnold, has the characteristic of being "inevitable." You feel that the thing had to be said just as it was said ; and that, once so said, nothing said by anybody else will just hit the same mark. Of course, this test, being personal, is not conclusive. I remember, I am ashamed to say it, some poetry which I know to be trash, merely, I suppose, because it jingles pleasantly ; and I forget a great deal which I know to be good, because I can perceive that it dominates other people ; but then I do my best to keep my tastes on such occasions to myself. Now, Matthew Arnold's poetry has, in an eminent

degree, the quality — if not of inevitableness — of adhesiveness. I don't know whether my experience is peculiar ; but I have never got out of my head, since I read it, the little poem about the Neckan, who sings his plaintive song on the Baltic headlands, or the charming verses — the last, I fancy, which he wrote — about the dachshund Geist, whose grave at Cobham should be a goal for all poetic pilgrims. In certain of his more labored poems, I am conscious rather that I ought to admire than that I do admire. To my brutal mind, the recollection of the classical models is a source of annoyance, as suggesting that the scholar is in danger of suppressing the man. But there are other poems which I love, if not because, at any rate in spite of, the classical propensities which they reveal. "Sohrab and Rustum" is to me among the most delightful of modern poems, though in it Arnold indulges, perhaps more than enough, in the long-tailed Homeric metaphor, which drags in upon principle all the points on which the thing compared does not resemble the object. I can always read "Tristram and Iseult," and the "Church of Brou" and "Empedocles on Etna ;" and know that they leave behind them a sense of sweetness and delicacy and exquisite feeling, if they do not present those vivid phrases into which the very greatest men — the Dantes or Shakespeares — can infuse the very life-blood. In his "Essays upon Celtic Literature" — perhaps the most delightful of his books — Arnold says that English poetry derived three things mainly from Celtic sources : Its turn for style, its turn for melancholy, and its turn for natural magic. The distinction is indicated with admirable fineness ; and my perceptions are not quite fine enough to follow it. Keats, Arnold is able to perceive, is looking at nature like a Greek when he asks

What little town by river or seashore  
Or mountain built with quiet citadel  
Is emptied of its folk this pious morn ?

but becomes Celtic when he speaks of

Magic casements, opening on the foam  
Of perilous seas in fairy-land forlorn!

Possibly; but I am shy of endeavoring to discriminate these exquisite essences, and I will not attempt to say whether it is the power of style or of magic, whether it is the presence of a Greek or a Celtic mode of looking at nature, that charms us in what is perhaps Arnold's masterpiece, the "Scholar Gipsy." Whether the exquisite concluding stanzas, for example, be an instance of the Greek or of the Celtic element, I know not; but I am quite sure that it is delightful. At his best Arnold reaches a felicity of style in which Tennyson alone, of all our modern poets, if Tennyson himself, was his superior. The comparison, much as I dislike comparisons, may suggest at least the question why Arnold's popularity is still, as I think it is, below his deserts. One answer is obvious. I cannot doubt that Arnold fully appreciated the greatest of contemporary artists. But certain references to Tennyson in his essays are significant. Arnold incidentally quotes Tennyson's "great, broad-shouldered, genial Englishman," by way of illustrating his favorite proposition that this broad-shouldered personage was a "barbarian," and conspicuous for insensibility to ideas. He refers with a certain scorn to the self-complacency implied in the phrase about freedom broadening slowly down from precedent to precedent. Though Arnold does not criticise the poetry, he evidently felt — what, to say the truth, I think must be admitted — that Tennyson interpreted the average — shall I say, the Philistine? or the commonplace English sentiment a little too faithfully; but it may be inferred — though Arnold does not draw the inference — that the extraordinary popularity of Tennyson was partly owing to the fact that he could express what occurred to everybody in language that could be approached by nobody. Arnold, on the contrary, is, in all his poems, writing for the cultivated, and even for a small class of cultivated people. The ideas which he expresses

are not only such as do not commend themselves, but sometimes such as are rather annoying, to the average reader. The sentiments peculiar to a narrow, however refined, class are obviously so far less favorable to poetical treatment. Arnold seems to admit this in his occasional employment of that rhymeless metre which corresponds to the borderland between prose and poetry. A characteristic piece is that upon "Heine's Grave." We all remember the description of England, the "Weary Titan," who with deaf

Ears, and labor-dimmed eyes,  
Regarding neither to right  
Nor left, goes passively by,  
Staggering on to her goal, etc.

and a phrase which tells us how the spirit of the world, beholding men's absurdity, let a sardonic smile

For one short moment wander o'er his  
lips —

*That smile was Heine.*

That, of course, is rather epigram than poetry. It matters, indeed, very little whether we call it by one name or another, so long as we allow it to be effective. But writing of this kind, call it poetry or prose, or a hybrid genus, in which the critic shows through the poet, is not likely to suit the popular mind. It presupposes a whole set of reflections which are the property of a special class. And the same may be said of the particular mood which is specially characteristic of Arnold. In the "Scholar Gipsy" he laments "the strange disease of modern life."

With its sick hurry, its divided aims;  
speaks of us "light half-believers of our casual creeds;" tells how the wisest of us takes dejectedly "his seat upon the intellectual throne," and lays bare his sad experience of wretched days, and "all his hourly varied anodynes;" while we, who are not the wisest, can only pine, wish that the long, unhappy dream would end, and keep as our only friend "sad patience, too near neighbor to despair." This note jars upon some people, who prefer, perhaps, the mild resignation of the "Christian Year." I fail of sym-

pathy for the opposite reason. I cannot affect to share Arnold's discomfort. I have never been able—doubtless it is a defect—to sympathize with the Obermanns and Amiels whom Arnold admired; excellent but surely effeminate persons, who taste of the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge, and finding the taste bitter, go on making wry faces over it all their lives; and, admitting with one party that the old creeds are doomed, assert with the other that all beauty must die with them. The universe is open to a great many criticisms; there is plenty of cause for tears and for melancholy; and great poets in all ages have, because they were great poets, given utterance to the sorrows of their race. But I don't feel disposed to grumble at the abundance of interesting topics or the advance of scientific knowledge, because some inconveniences result from both. I say all this simply as explaining why the vulgar—including myself—fail to appreciate these musical moans over spilt milk, which represent rather a particular eddy in an intellectual revolution than the deeper and more permanent emotions of human nature. But I do not mean to depreciate Arnold's power; only to suggest reasons for the want of a wider recognition. The "Scholar Gipsy," for example, expresses in certain passages sentiment which I must call morbid, but for all that, even for me, it remains one of the most exquisite poems in the language.

This leads me to another point. In his essay upon Joubert (*Essays in Criticism*, 249), Arnold spoke of literature as "a criticism of life." Elsewhere (Introduction to Mr. H. Ward's "Collection of Poems") he gave the same account of poetry. But to poetry, he says in the same breath, we shall have to turn for consolation, and it will replace much mist of "what now passes with us for religion and philosophy." If so, he obviously cannot mean that poetry and criticism are really the same thing. The phrase "criticism of life" gave great offence, and was much ridiculed by some writ-

ers, who were apparently unable to distinguish between an epigram and a philosophical dogma. To them, indeed, Arnold's whole position was naturally abhorrent. For it is not uncommon now to hear denunciations of all attempts to connect art with morality and philosophy. It is wicked, we are told, for a poet, or a novelist, or a painter, to take any moral consideration into account; and therefore to talk of poetry as destined to do for us much that philosophy and religion used to do is, of course, manifestly absurd. I will not argue the point at length, being content to observe that the cry seems to me oddly superfluous. Of all the dangers to which modern novelists, for example, are exposed, that against which they are least required to guard is the danger of being too philosophical. They really may feel at their ease; nor do I think that they need be much alarmed as to the risk of being too moral. Meanwhile, it is my belief that nobody is the better in any department of life or literature for being a fool or a brute; and least of all in poetry. I cannot think that a man is disqualified for poetry either by thinking more deeply than others or by having a keener perception of (I hope I may join the two words) moral beauty. A perception of what it is that makes a hero or a saint is, I fancy, as necessary to a great literary artist as a perception of what it is that constitutes physical beauty to a painter. The whole doctrine, in short, seems to me to be a misstatement of the very undeniable and very ancient truth that it is a poet's business to present types, for example, and not to give bare psychological theory; not that he is the worse for being even a deep philosopher or a subtle logician; on the contrary, he is so far the better; but that he is the worse if he gives the abstract reasoning instead of incarnating his thought in concrete imagery. And so, when Arnold called poetry a criticism of life, he only meant to express what seems to me to be an undeniable truth. The Elgin marbles might, in his sense, be called a criticism of the physique of the sight-



seers. To contrast their perfect forms and unapproachable grace with the knock-kneed, spindle-shanked, narrow-chested, round-shouldered product of London slums who passes before them, is to criticise the poor creature's defects of structure in the most effective way. In a similar sense, when a poet or a novelist presents us with a style, when Addison gives a Sir Roger de Coverley, or Goldsmith a Vicar of Wakefield, or Scott a Dandie Dinmont, or Thackeray a Colonel Newcome, or Dickens a Mr. Creakle (I choose this example of Dickens only because Arnold made use of it himself), they present us with ideal types which set off — more effectively than any deliberate analysis — the actual human beings known to us, who more or less represent similar classes. In his essay upon the "Function of Criticism," Arnold explained his lofty conception of the 'art, and showed why, in his sense of the world, it should be the main aim of all modern literature. "Criticism," he said, "is the disinterested endeavor to learn and propagate the best that is known or thought in the world." The difference between poetry and criticism is that one gives us the ideal and the other explains to us how it differs from the real. What is latent in the poet is made explicit in the critic. Arnold, himself, even when he turned to criticism, was primarily a poet. His judgments show greater skill in seizing characteristic aspects than in giving a logical analysis or a convincing proof. He goes by intuition not by roundabout logical approaches. No recent English critic, I think, has approached him in the art of giving delicate portraits of literary leaders; he has spoken, for example, precisely the right word about Byron and Wordsworth. Many of us who cannot rival him may gain, from Arnold's writings, a higher conception of what is our true function. He did, I think, more than any man to impress upon his countrymen that the critic should not be a mere combatant in a series of faction fights, puffing friends and saying to an enemy, "This will never do." The weak side, how-

ever, of the poetical criticism is its tendency to be "subjective," that is, to reflect too strongly the personal prejudices of the author. It must virtually consist in giving the impression made upon the critic; and, however delicate his perception and wide his sympathy, he will be scarcely human if his judgments are not affected by his personal equation. No one could be more alive to the danger than Arnold, and his most characteristic teaching turns upon the mode of avoiding it. There are times, no doubt, when he relies too confidently upon the fineness of his perception, and then obviously has a slight spasm of diffidence. I have noticed how, in his "Essays on Celtic Literature," he uses the true poetical or intuitive method; he recognizes the precise point at which Shakespeare or Keats passes from the Greek to the Celtic note; he trusts to the fineness of his ear, like a musician who can detect the slightest discord. And we feel perhaps that a man who can decide, for example, an ethnological question by such means, who can by simple inspiration determine which are the Celtic and which are the Teutonic and which are Norman elements in English character, is going a little beyond his tether. Arnold obviously feels so too. In the same book he speaks most respectfully of the opposite or prosaic method. Zeuss, the great Celtic scholar, is praised because he uses a scientific test to determine the age of documents. This test is that in Welsh and Irish the letters p and t gradually changed into b or d (as if the Celts had caught a cold in their head); that *map* became *mab*, and *coet*, *coed*. This, says Arnold, is a verifiable and scientific test. When Arnold is himself trying to distinguish the Celtic element in Englishmen, he starts by remarking that a Frenchman would speak of German *bêtise*, but of English *gaucherie*; the German is *balourd*, and the Englishman *empêtré*; and the German *niais*, while the Englishman is *mélancolique*. We can hardly say that the difference between *balourd* and *empêtré* is as clear as the difference between t and d; and

Arnold is, perhaps, too much inclined to trust to his intuitions, as if they were equivalent to scientific and measurable statements. The same tendency shows itself in his curious delight in discoursing catch-words, and repeating them sometimes to weariness. He uses such phrases as "sweetness and light" with a certain air of laying down a genuine scientific distinction, as clear-cut and unequivocal as a chemist's analysis. He feels that he has thoroughly analyzed English characteristics when he has classified his countrymen as "Philistines,<sup>1</sup> Barbarians, and the Populace." To fix a certain aspect of things by an appropriate phrase is the process which corresponded with him to a scientific analysis. But may not this method merely lead to the substitution of one set of prejudices for another; the prejudices, say, of the fastidious don for the prejudices of the coarser tradesman? The Frenchman who calls the Englishman *empêtré* may be as narrow-minded as the Englishman who calls the Frenchman a frog-eater. Certainly, Arnold would reply. What we need is to make a stream of fresh thought play freely upon our stock "notions and habits."<sup>2</sup> We have to get out of an unfruitful and mechanical routine. Or, as he puts it in another way, his one qualification for teaching his countrymen is, he says, his belief in the "primary needfulness of seeing things as they really are, and of the greater importance of ideas than of the machinery which exists for them."<sup>3</sup> That is, we want, above all things, to get rid of prejudices in general, not of any special prejudice; to have our opinions constructed out of pure, impartial, unbiassed thought, free from all baser alloy of mephitic vapors. The mere self-willed assertion of our own fancies can never lift us to the higher

point of view which would reveal our narrowness and ignorance. Hence the vast importance of "culture;" the one thing needful; which, again, in another view, is equivalent to a frank submission of ourselves to the *Zeitgeist*. The *Zeitgeist*, indeed, is an entity not quite easy to define. But it at least supposes that genuine philosophy and scientific thought is a reality; that there is a real difference between the scholar and the charlatan; that criticism in a wide sense has achieved some permanent and definite results; and that, although many antiquated prejudices still survive and dominate us, especially in England, and constitute the whole mental furniture of the Philistine, they are doomed to decay, and those who hold by them doomed to perish with them. To recognize, therefore, the deep, underlying currents of thought, to get outside of the narrow limits of the popular prejudice, to steep our minds in the best thought of the past, and to be open to the really great thoughts of the present, is the one salvation for the race and for reasonable men. The English people, he often said,<sup>4</sup> had entered the prison of Puritanism, and had the key turned upon their spirit for two centuries. To give them the key and to exhort them to use it was his great aim. Heine had called himself a "brave soldier in the war of the liberation of humanity," and Arnold took service in the same army. Only—and this was the doctrine upon which he laid emphasis—to fight effectually we must recognize the true leaders, those who really spoke with authority and who were the true advanced guard in the march to the land of promise. Your individualist would only take off the fetters so as to allow a free fight among the prisoners. The prophet of culture alone can enable us to get free from the prison-house itself. His strong sense of the mischief of literary anarchy appeared in his once famous essay upon the French Academy. Though he guarded himself against recommending an English

<sup>1</sup> Arnold popularized this word, which, I think, first appears in the "Essays in Criticism" (1865), p. 157. He there says that it was what Carlyle meant by "gigmanity" or "respectability." Carlyle had himself introduced the phrase "Philistine" in his review of Taylor's "German Poetry." (Essays, 1858, II. 329.)

<sup>2</sup> Culture and Anarchy (1893), p. 121.

<sup>3</sup> St. Paul and Protestantism (1870), p. 70.

<sup>4</sup> Essays in Criticism, p. 70.

institution, he was fascinated by the charm of an acknowledged tribunal of good taste, an outward and visible symbol of right reason, of a body which, by its normal authority, should restrain men from those excesses and faults of taste into which even the greatest Englishmen are apt to fall, and which should keep distinctly before our minds the conviction that we only obtain worthy intellectual liberty when we recognize the necessity of subordination to the highest minds. To imbibe the teaching of the *Zeitgeist*, to know what is the true living thought of the age and who are its great men, is to accept a higher rule, and not merely (as he puts it) to exchange the errors of Mill for the errors of Mill; to become a vulgar Freethinker instead of a vulgar Dissenter.

The doctrine of culture is, of course, in some sense the common property of all cultivated men. Carlyle, like Arnold, wished for an exit from Houndsditch and a relinquishment of Hebrew old clothes. But Arnold detested Carlyle's Puritanism, and was alienated by his sulphurous and volcanic explosiveness. Mill hated the tyranny of the majority, and, of course, rejected the Puritan theology. But Mill was a Benthamite, and Benthamism was the natural doctrine of the Philistine. Mill's theories would lead, though in spite of himself, to that consummation which Arnold most dreaded — the general dominion of the Commonplace; to the definitive imposition upon the world of the code of the Philistine. To define Arnold's point of view, we should have, I think, to consider what in our modern slang is called his environment. Any one who reads the life of his father will see how profound was the influence upon the son. "Somewhere, surely, afar," as he says in the lines in Rugby Chapel, —

In the sounding labor-house vast  
Of being, is practised that strength,  
Zealous, beneficent, firm.

Some of the force, may one say? had passed into the younger man, though he had lost something of the austere

strength, and had gained much in delicacy, and certainly in a sense of humor curiously absent in the elder, as it is, I think, in most good men. Dr. Arnold shared the forebodings common at the period of the Reform Bill. The old dogged conservatism of the George III. and Eldon type was doomed. But who was to profit by the victory? The Radicals, led by Bentham and James Mill? That meant confiscation and disestablishment in practice; and in theory, materialism or atheism. This was the "liberalism" denounced and dreaded by Newman.<sup>1</sup> But then, to Dr. Arnold, the Oxford Movement itself meant a revival of superstition and sacerdotalism. He held that there was a truer liberalism than Benthamism, a liberalism of which Coleridge expounded and suggested the philosophy; a doctrine which could reanimate the old creeds by exposing them to the light, and bring them into harmony with the last modern thought. The Church, neither plundered nor enslaved by superstition, might be lifted to a higher intellectual level, and become once more the great national organ of spiritual influence and development. Matthew Arnold always held to this aspiration. He hoped that the Church might open its doors to all Dissenters — not only to Protestants, but even in course of time to Roman Catholics.<sup>2</sup> He hated disestablishment, and even in the case of the Church of Ireland, condemned a measure which, though it removed an injustice, removed it at the cost of an alliance with the narrow Dissenting prejudices. But the views of the young man were also modified by the fascination of the Newman school. Of Oxford he could never speak without enthusiasm, if he could not quite refrain from a touch of irony. "Adorable dreamer!" he exclaims,<sup>3</sup> "whose heart has been so romantic! who has given thyself prodigally, given thyself to sides and to heroes not mine, only not to the Philistines! Home of lost causes and for-

<sup>1</sup> Culture and Anarchy, p. 23.

<sup>2</sup> St. Paul and Protestantism.

<sup>3</sup> Essays on Criticism, p. xvii.

saken beliefs, and unpopular names and impossible loyalties!" Oxford, as he says elsewhere,<sup>1</sup> had taught the truth that "beauty and sweetness are essential characters of a complete human perfection." Bad philosophies, another critic (I think Professor Flint) has said, when they die, go to Oxford. Arnold admitted the badness of the philosophies, but the beauty and sweetness, he would have added, are immortal. The effect, therefore, upon him was not to diminish his loyalty to philosophy; no one more hated all obscurantism; his belief in "culture," in the great achievements of scholarship, of science, of historical criticism, was part of his nature. He was not the man to propose to put back the hand of the dial, or to repel the intellectual ocean with the mop of an orthodox Mrs. Partington. But his keen appreciation of the beauty of the old ideals governed his thought. He even held<sup>2</sup> that the Christianity of the future would be Catholicism, though Catholicism "purged" and "opening itself to the light," "conscious of its own poetry, freed from its sacerdotal despotism, and freed from its pseudo-scientific apparatus of superannuated dogma." Meanwhile, his classical training and his delight in the clearness and symmetry of the great French writers affected his taste. He has told us how his youthful enthusiasm took him at one time to Paris, to spend two months in seeing Rachel's performances<sup>3</sup> on the French stage, and at another, to visit George Sand in her country retirement. And then came the experience of his official career which made him familiar with the educational systems of France and Germany, and with the chaotic set of institutions which represented an educational system in England. The master-thought, he says,<sup>4</sup> by which his politics were governed was the thought of the "bad civilization of the English middle class." This was, in fact, the really serious aim

to which his whole literary activity in later life converged. Condemned to live and work among the middle class, while imbued with the ideas in which they were most defective, loving, as he did, the beauty and freshness of Oxford, the logical clearness and belief in ideas of France, the devotion to scientific truth and philosophical thoroughness in Germany, the sight of the dogged British Philistine became to him a perpetual grievance. The middle class, as he said in one of his favorite formulæ,<sup>5</sup> has a "defective type of religion, a narrow range of intellect and knowledge, a stunted sense of beauty, and a low type of manners." Accordingly, the function which he took for himself was to be a thorn in the side of the Philistine; to pierce the animal's thick hide with taunts, delicate but barbed; to invent nicknames which might reveal to the creature his own absurdity; to fasten upon expressions characteristic of the blatant arrogance and complacent, ineffectual self-conceit of the vulgar John Bull, and repeat them till even Bull might be induced to blush. Somebody's unlucky statement that English was the best breed in the world; the motto about the "dissidence of Dissent and the Protestantism of the Protestant religion;" the notice of Wragg — the woman who was taken up for child-murder; the assertion of the *Saturday Review* that we were the most logical people in the world; the roarings of the "young lions of the *Daily Telegraph*," and their like, which covered our impotence in European wars; the truss-manufactory which ornamented the finest site in Europe; upon these and other texts he harped — perhaps with a little too much repetition — in the hope of bringing to us some sense of our defects. I must confess that, as a good Philistine, I often felt, and hope I profited by the feeling, that he had pierced me to the quick, and I submitted to his castigations as I have had to submit to the probings of a dentist, I knew they were for my good. And I

<sup>1</sup> Culture and Anarchy, p. 23.

<sup>2</sup> Mixed Essays, p. 121.

<sup>3</sup> Irish Essays, p. 151.

<sup>4</sup> Irish Essays, p. 17.

<sup>5</sup> Mixed Essays, p. 167.

often wished, I must also confess, that I too had a little sweetness and light that I might be able to say such nasty things of my enemies. We who were young radicals in the days when Arminius von Thunder-Ten Tronckh was writing to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, tried to retort by calling him a mere dandy, a kid-gloved Oxford coxcomb, who was thinking that revolutions could be made with rosewater. I think now that we did not do justice to the real seriousness of his purpose. You do not, we said sometimes, propose any practical measure. He replied fairly enough that it was not his business, nor the business of philosophers and poets generally, to mix in actual politics and draft acts of Parliament. They had to modify ideas. He might have added that in his own sphere, he had made very practical criticisms upon our educational system; and had, for example, pointed out the defects of English secondary education with a clearness which is only now beginning to have some recognition from practical politicians. But it was no doubt his conviction that his countrymen required less a change of machinery than an intellectual change. What is indispensable, he said,<sup>1</sup> is that we should not only *do* to Ireland something different, but that we should *be* something different. A writer, however great a thinker and artist, who deliberately proposes to change the character of his countrymen, is undoubtedly undertaking a superhuman task. If Philistinism be really part of our character we shall be Philistines to the end, let our Carlyles and Newmans or Mills and Arnolds preach never so wisely and never so frequently. And yet their preaching is not the less useful; more useful, perhaps, than that of the politicians who boast of keeping to the practical and confine their energies to promoting such measures as are likely to catch votes at the next election. "To see things as they really are;" that, he said, was his great aim; and it is clearly a good one. And what is the great obstacle to seeing things as they

really are? The great obstacle is, I take it, that we are ourselves part of the things to be seen; and that there is an ancient and proverbial difficulty about seeing ourselves. When certain prejudices have become parts of our mental furniture, when our primary data and our methods of reasoning imply a set of local narrow assumptions, the task of getting outside them is almost the task of getting outside of our own skins. Our pigtailed, as the poet observes, persist in hanging behind us in spite of all our circumgyrations. The greatness of a thinker is measured by the width of his intellectual horizon, or by the height to which he can rise above the plane of ordinary thought. Arnold's free play of thought implies the process by which he hoped to achieve liberation for himself. Be yourself cultured, and your eyes will be opened to the ugliness of the Philistines. To be cultured, widen your intellectual horizon, and steep yourself in the best thought of all ages and all civilized men. If Arnold trusted a little too much to the æsthetic perceptions thus generated, he succeeded, I think, in reaching a position from which he both discerned and portrayed most clearly some palpable blots. Such a service is great, whatever the accuracy of the judgment. It is good to breathe a new atmosphere if only for a space. I have more respect than he had for the masculine common sense of Macaulay — the great apostle, as Arnold called him, of the Philistines — but, after reading Macaulay's unhesitating utterances of the old Whig creed, which to him was an ultimate and infallible gospel, one feels oneself raised at once to a higher point of view. When one attempts, under Arnold's guidance, to assign to the Whig his proper place in European history, and to see how far he is from fully representing the ultimate verdict of philosophy, whatever our political creed — and mine is very different from Arnold's — he really helps us to cure the mind's eye of the cataract of dogged prejudice, of whose very existence we were unconscious.

<sup>1</sup> Preface to *Irish Essays*.



His position was, no doubt, one which we may call impractical. He was a democrat in one sense; for aristocracy was unfavorable to ideas, and the *Zeitgeist* has condemned the system. Inequality, as he said in a remarkable essay,<sup>1</sup> "materializes our upper classes, vulgarizes our middle classes, brutalizes our lower classes." He speaks as one shocked, not less in his moral than in his æsthetic capacity, of the "hardly human horror, the abjection and uncivilizedness" of the populace in Glasgow and the East of London. He held that the French Revolution, by promoting equality, had raised the lower classes of France to a marked superiority in civilization above the corresponding class in England. Democracy, he admitted, might get too much its own way in England. The remedy was to be sought in a stronger action of the central power. We have not, he complains, the notion, so familiar on the Continent and to antiquity, of the State; and the English hatred of all authority has tended to make us drift towards mere anarchy.<sup>2</sup> When Fawcett preached self-help, Arnold held that to exhort to self-help in England was to carry coals to Newcastle. It was the parrot-like repetition of old formulæ that made our liberalism barren. Our danger was all the other way, the danger of exaggerating the blessings of self-will and self-assertion.<sup>3</sup> I do not quote Arnold's view to show that he was right, or to claim foresight for his predictions. I doubt, for example, whether any one would say now that we hear too much of self-help, or that there is no danger on the opposite side, or whether Arnold himself would have been attracted by State Socialism. He was, indeed, deliberately in the habit of giving one side of a question without caring to add even the corrections of which he himself approved. That is natural in a man who wishes to stimulate thought, rather than to preach any definite practical conclusion. I only urge that there was

a real and very rare merit in such a position taken by a man of so much insight. The effort to see English life in society and thought, as a German professor or a French politician might see it, to get outside of the prejudices which are part of ourselves is itself a most useful experience. And when such criticism is carried on with a singular fulness of perception, with pungent flashes of sarcasm, but with a power of speaking truths as undeniable as they are unpleasant, and yet with so much true urbanity—in spite of certain little defects, when he seems to be rather forcing himself to be humorous, and becomes liable to an accusation of flippancy—in such a case, I say that we ought to be grateful to our critic. His criticism is anything but final, but it is to be taken into account by every man who believes in the importance of really civilizing the coming world. How the huge, all-devouring monster which we call Democracy is to be dealt with; how he is to be coaxed or lectured or preached into taking as large a dose as possible of culture, of respect for true science and genuine thought, is really one of the most pressing of problems. Some look on with despair, doubting only by whatever particular process we shall be crushed into a dead level of monotonous mediocrity. I do not suppose that Arnold could give any solution of the great problems; what he could do, and did, I think, more effectually than any one, was to wake us out of our dull complacency—to help to break through the stolid crust, whatever seeds may be sown by other hands. Perhaps this explains why he is read in America, where the *Phyllis* is a very conspicuous phenomenon and the ugly side of middle-class mediocrity is more prominent.

I have judiciously reserved to the last, in order that I may pass lightly the point which to Arnold himself doubtless appeared to be the most important part of his teaching—I mean, of course, the criticism of religion, to which he devoted his last writings. In his last books, Arnold preached a doctrine which will hardly find many fol-

<sup>1</sup> *Irish Essays*, p. 91.

<sup>2</sup> *Culture and Anarchy*, p. 36.

<sup>3</sup> *Irish Essays*, p. 96.

lowers. He seemed even to be taking pains to get into a position scarcely intelligible to people who take things practically. He poses, one may say, as a literary critic; he disavows all logical system, and declares almost ostentatiously that he is no metaphysician; but his apparent conclusion is—not that he is incompetent to speak of philosophy, but that philosophy is mere pedantry, so far as it is not poetry in disguise. The organ by which we are to discover religious truth does not employ the prosaic method of examining evidence, nor the logical method of *a priori* reasoning; but that free play of thought which is our guide in letters; the judgment, as he says, which insensibly forms itself in a fair mind, familiar with the best thoughts of the world. The prophet is inspired by the *Zeitgeist*, and judges by a cultivated instinct, not by systematic argument. The rather airy mode of treating great problems which emerges is often bewildering to the ordinary mind. The orthodox may revolt against the airy confidence in which the *Zeitgeist* puts aside “miracles” and the supernatural,—not as disproved, but obviously not worth the trouble of disproving. The agnostic is amazed to find that Arnold, while treating all theological dogma as exploded rubbish, expatiates upon the supreme value of the sublimated essence of theology. God, Arnold tells us, is not a term of science, but a term of poetry and eloquence—a term “thrown out” at a not fully grasped object of consciousness—a literary term, in short—with various indefinite meanings for different people.<sup>1</sup> The “magnified and non-natural man” of whom theologians speak is to be superseded by the “stream of tendency” or the “not ourselves which makes for righteousness;” and, in expressing his contempt for the vulgar conceptions, he perhaps sometimes forgot his usual good taste, as in the famous reference to the three Lord Shaftsburies. Such phrases might be taken for the scoffing which he condemned in others. I

glanced the other day at a satirical novel, in which the writer asks whether an old Irishwoman is to say, instead of “God bless you!” “The stream of tendency bless you.” I then opened the preface to Arnold’s “God and the Bible” and found him making a similar criticism upon Mr. Herbert Spencer. Nobody, he observes, would say, “The unknowable is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.”

Arnold’s answer to his critic would, in fact, have been that he never proposed that the old Irishwoman should give up her form of expression. He professed to be simply explaining her real meaning. He apparently thought, as I have said, that a modified form of Catholicism would be the religion of the future; the modification amounting to this, that it would only profess to be poetry instead of science, and giving symbols “thrown out” at truth, not dogmas with the validity of theorems in geometry. He argued that the Hebrew religion itself is not only to be taken by us in the poetical sense, but that by the prophets themselves it was never understood differently. So the text which says that “Man must be born of a spirit” means only that man must be born of an influence; and never meant more. This was the original sense of the first utterance, which was only twisted into pseudo-science by later dogmatists. It follows that orthodox theology is an “immense misunderstanding of the Bible”—a misunderstanding because it takes poetry for prose. By clearing away the accretions we see that the Bible is to be read throughout in this sense; and therefore that, to restore its true value, we are not to throw it aside, but to take it as the original authors meant us to take it.

The weakness of the poetic or imaginative treatment is the tendency to confound a judgment of beauty with a judgment of fact. A creed is so charming or so morally stimulating that it must be true. Arnold did not accept this way of putting it. He had too genuine a respect for the daylight of

<sup>1</sup> Literature and Dogma, p. 12.

the understanding, too much hearty loyalty to the *Zeitgeist* and scientific thought to accept a principle which would lead to simple reaction and recrudescence of superstition. He unequivocally accepts the results obtained by German critics, heavy-eyed and pedantic as they may sometimes be, for he believes with all his heart in thorough, unflinching, scholar-like research. He will not shut his eyes or mistake mere æsthetic pleasure for logical conviction. But, he argues, the essence of the creed is precisely its moral beauty; the power with which it expresses certain ethical truths—its grasp of the doctrine (to quote his favorite, though I cannot think, very fortunate, formula) that conduct is three-fourths of life, that it is the essence of the religion, or rather, is itself the religion; and that the whole framework of historical fact and ecclesiastical dogma is unimportant. We read Homer, he says, for our enjoyment, and to turn the book to our "benefit."<sup>1</sup> We should read the Bible in the same way. The truth of the Greek or Hebrew mythology and history is irrelevant. The true lights of the Christian Church, he says<sup>2</sup> are not Augustine and Luther or Bossuet, but à Kempis and Tauler and St. Francis of Sales; not, that is, the legislators or reformers or systematizers of dogma, but the mystics and pietists and men who have uttered the religious sentiment in the most perfect form. It is characteristic that in his book upon St. Paul, while dwelling enthusiastically upon the apostle's ethical teaching, he says nothing of the work which to St. Paul himself, as to most historians, must surely have seemed important, the freeing of Christian doctrine from fetters of Judaism; and treats the theological reasons by which St. Paul justified his position as mere surplage or concessions to contemporary prejudice.

The problem here suggested is a very wide one. We may agree that the true value of a religion is in its ethical force.

We may admit that the moral ideals embodied in its teaching are the only part which is valuable when we cease to believe in the history or the dogma; and that they still preserve a very high value. We may still be edified by Homer or by Æschylus, or by Socrates and Epictetus, though we accept not a word of their statements of fact or philosophy. But can the essence of a religion be thus preserved intact when its dogma and its historical assertions are denied? Could St. Paul have spread the Church of the Gentiles without the help of the theories which Arnold regards as accretions? Would the beautiful spirit of the mystics have conquered the world as well as touched the hearts of a few hermits without the rigid framework of dogmas in which they were set and the great ecclesiastical organization for which a definite dogmatic system was required? We may love the mystical writers, but, without the organizers of Churches and creeds, can we believe that they would even have made a Church for the world? To set forth a great moral ideal is undoubtedly an enormous service. But the prosaic mind will ask, Is it enough to present us with ideals? Do we not also require statements of fact? It is all very well to say be good, and to say this and that is the real meaning of goodness; but to make men good, you have also got to tell them why they should be good, and to create a system of discipline and dogma for effectually stimulating their love of goodness.

The questions I have suggested are the questions which upon Arnold's method seem to be passed over. It is his indifference to them which gives sometimes the very erroneous impression of a want of seriousness. Arnold was, I think, profoundly in earnest, though he seems scarcely to have realized the degree in which, to ordinary minds, he seemed to be offering not stones, but mere vapor, when asked for bread. Nor can I doubt that he was occupied with the most serious of problems, and saw at least some of the conditions of successful treatment. On

<sup>1</sup> *God and the Bible*, p. 99.

<sup>2</sup> *Literature and Dogma*, p. 290.

all sides his loyalty to culture (the word has been a little spoilt of late), his genuine and hearty appreciation of scholarship and scientific thought, his longing to set himself in the great current of intellectual progress, are always attractive, and are the more marked because of his appreciation (his excessive appreciation, may I say?) of the "sweetness," if not the light, of the Oxford Movement. If, indeed, his appreciation was excessive, I am conscious, I hope, of the value of the doctrine which led him. We ought, he says,<sup>1</sup> to have an "infinite tenderness" for the popular science of religion. It is "the spontaneous work of nature, the travail of the human mind, to adapt to its grasp and employment great ideas of which it feels the attraction." I feel the truth of this teaching more, I fear, than I have acted upon it. I belong, as I have said, to the brutal and prosaic class of mankind. We ought to catch at least something of Arnold's spirit, so far as to admit, at least, that the great problem is to reconcile unflinching loyalty to truth with tenderness "infinite," if possible, for the errors which are but a grasping after truth. If Arnold combined the two tendencies in a fashion of his own, he set a most valuable example, even to those who cannot think his method successful. He said of a great contemporary that he was always beating the bush without starting the hare. I am under the impression that Arnold, if he started the hare, did not quite catch it. But beating the bushes is an essential preliminary. He stirred and agitated many brains which could not be reached by sober argument or by coarser invective, and he applied good wholesome irritants to our stolid self-satisfaction. When one remarks how little is left of most philosophers in the way of positive result, and yet remembers gratefully the service they have done in the way of stimulus to thought, one may feel grateful to a man who, while renouncing all claims to be a philosopher, did more than most philosophers

to rouse us to new perception of our needs and was one of the most effective agents in breaking up old crusts of prejudice.

Putting on a mask sometimes of levity, sometimes of mere literary dandyism, with an irony which sometimes is a little too elaborate, but which often expresses the keenest intelligence trying to pass itself off as simplicity, he was a skirmisher, but a skirmisher who did more than most heavily armed warriors, against the vast oppressive reign of stupidity and prejudice. He made the old dragon Philistine (to use his phrase) wince at times, and showed the ugliness and clumsiness of the creature; and, after all, he did it in a spirit as of one who recognized the monster was, after all, a most kindly monster at bottom. He may be enlisted in useful service if you can only apply the goad successfully, and made effective, in his ponderous way, like the Carthaginian elephants, if only you can mount his neck and goad him in the right direction. No single arm is sufficient for such a task; the dragon shakes himself and goes to sleep again in a stertorous and rather less complacent fashion, let us hope; and we feel that the struggle will too probably endure till we have ceased to be personally interested.

I cannot, indeed, get it out of my head that we slow-footed and prosaic persons sometimes make our ground surer; and that, for example, poor Bishop Colenso, whom Arnold ridiculed as the typical Philistine critic, did some good service with his prosaic arithmetic. There are cases in which the four rules are better than the finest critical insight. But there is room for poets as well as for arithmeticians; and Arnold, as at once poet and critic, has the special gift—if I may trust my own experience—of making one feel silly and tasteless when one has uttered a narrow-minded, crude, or ungenerous sentiment; and I dip into his writings to receive a shock, unpleasant at times, but excellent in its effects as an intellectual tonic.

LESLIE STEPHEN.

<sup>1</sup> Literature and Dogma, p. 303.

From Temple Bar.

## MY GREAT-AUNT MARTHA.

I CANNOT tell why that old brown silhouette of my great-aunt Martha should so much interest and quite strangely attract my attention this especial evening; for all my life I have looked on her with careless eyes, and, of course, I know her history very well. But there is something in her straight-looking, full eye, tip-tilted nose, and impertinent lips, which is curiously fascinating to me to-night. It isn't actually night yet—at least it is not time for lights—and I can see her quite well from the folds of the old chair in which I am sitting, and in which doubtless she has many times sat. It is a marvellous chair—most of ours are—a square, carved, armed oak; the centre of the back and of the seat (large enough for Falstaff) is of cane, each padded with detachable cushions of horsehair and bright chintz. It is truly wonderful how the artist who cut the silhouette (he must have been an artist) managed in so very few touches to bring out each of her individual beauties; her wide, deep young chest, clothed in a short, full bodice, which seems exactly the right covering for it; her straight, proud neck, quite bare; her noble wealth of hair—to which he has given a few lines of gold—meekly denoting his wish to portray its color, and only betraying his inability to do so. He has even fringed her far eyelash (a beauty never seen in full profile except in silhouettes) with a point of gold. There is something peculiarly attractive, too, in the tiny ear with its long ear-drop, and in the short rolled sleeve upon the top of her slim arm, and there just above the elbow she ends. I know her hair was fair, that her eyes were violet-grey, and her young lips rose-pink, by her pictures on the stairs; yet this fragile sketch conveys to me more of her personal characteristics than do any of the graceful and finished paintings of the girl, which abound in this, her old home. From my chair I can also see the short, wide lawn which ends in the greenest of old raised terraces, covered

with velvety turf, and edged by three rows of tall, glossy shrubs, shrubs which must have been in their early youth when she first looked upon them, and which lead with many windings into the flattest meadow which ever ended in a hill. This is the south side of the house, and this is the reading-room—why called so we have never determined—for the house possesses the quaintest and most comfortable of well-filled libraries. At the front and grand entrance, the lawn is of the same width, but much deeper, and to the avenue, and far away beyond it, the view is to my mind perfect in its tranquil English beauty.

Looking from the silhouette to the shrubs, and from the shrubs to the silhouette, I am reminded of a story of our house, our only story since the days of the Stuarts, when we played our parts, gave our loves, our lives, and our treasures, with the best of them. It is perhaps only a small story. I could dilate upon our greater deeds and trials, but it is this slight and singular episode which fills my mind to-night.

Edith and Martha were only children and co-heiresses, and Edward, their cousin, was heir to the house and title. My great-aunt Edith was a dainty, proud lady, I am told, older and more beautiful than Martha, but effectually disguising that latter fact by her harsh sentiments and haughty bearing; with a strong leaning towards the Puritan sentiments of the family, she emulated their severity, but never learned their humility. Martha was an actual contrast; merry and broad-minded, she seems to have been quite daring and advanced for the age in which she lived; indeed, many stories of her venturesomeness and wild frolics still exist with us, and in truth it must be confessed that she was nothing more than a lovely hoyden.

Her sweet gaiety and bright individuality impressed strangers deeply, and by them she was considered the more clever of the two girls, which, however, was not true; still, although Edith was the more learned, Martha was certainly the more brilliant. Anecdotes of



"Merry Lady Martha" have been handed down in the Clutterbuck family — the Clutterbucks were in those days as now our gate-keepers — and I accordingly sometimes refresh my memory from that source. The two girls were excellent friends, always treated similarly — there was no room for petty jealousies — and they appear to have led a healthy and happy life. Edward and his younger brother Francis (my direct great-grandfather) were in their youth much at the Place, and many a gay and joyful scene must this old furniture and those ancient trees have witnessed in their time. The betrothal of Edward and Edith took place when they were respectively seventeen and sixteen; it was a match made in the interest of the family, and it was thought some affection existed between the young people. Edward having always had a strong bent towards a seafaring life — then more exciting than it is at present — was about this time reluctantly allowed to go to sea, and at eighteen he was in his first encounter. As those were the times of great naval warfare, he had engaged in several battles before he returned to his home four years later, bronzed, handsome, and covered with honors. During his leave he was naturally often at the Place, but his uncle did not seem to encourage the notion of an immediate marriage, and as time sped by Edward himself did not appear as eager as a lover should for the ceremony to take place. But still he lingered and lingered on, and as the truth must be confessed sooner or later, his delaying was not from affection for his betrothed, but because he found he loved her sister. Edith soon espied this, for we are told that, with grave hauteur, she insisted that he should at once return to sea, and endeavor to forget Martha.

We do not candidly believe that Martha was at all interested in these proceedings. Gaily content with her ponies and her poor, she danced with and played tricks upon her manly cousin, with the mischievous zest of a child of twelve, instead of behaving

with the demure seemliness due from a maiden of nineteen.

There were two trying scenes before Edward finally departed: one in which he confided to Edith his decided intention of doing his duty, and the other with Martha, to whom he declared for the first time his great admiration, and begged her to go off then and there with him to Gretna Green. She only laughed, rallied him roundly, kissed him, and ran away; and he left for his ship that day. There was a slight coldness between the two sisters for the succeeding few days, which time Martha principally spent in the grey chamber over the old gate, a room which she used as a repository for her fishing-tackle, dried ferns, and the apparatus required for her numerous practical jokes. This cloud seems soon to have passed away, though without an explanation having taken place between them, and Edith quietly read her Greek in imitation of a favorite ancestress, did fine needlework in lawn, and wonderful flowers in silk, whilst Martha pursued her ordinary course of fishing and hunting, dancing with her neighbors at any time or place, or gossiping with the Clutterbucks. Olivia Clutterbuck had been the girl's nurse; she had married a cousin, a groom on the estate, and at this time occupied one of the lodges, and it was usually to that stout matron that Martha took her many joys, and her few simple troubles. Their life flowed on calmly, broken only by an occasional visit to the Wells, during which they were fêted and toasted and made love to, in a mode suited to them as beauties and heiresses. Nevertheless, they each time returned to their home life with much affectionate delight, and would even make attempts to cheer their father's spirits, and win his approbation, by spasmodic attentions to the still-room, where in addition to the making of uneatable dishes, they concocted "Nun's Cream" and "Ambrosia Nosegay," and other balms for their beauty, some of which remain blackened and unusable in the old store-room to this day.

Three years after Edward's depart-

ture, found them one spring at Bath, enjoying the waters and its countless gaieties. His ship landed him at Bristol, and he came on there to them, joyous, amiable, handsomer than ever. But a few days passed before he was observed to have entirely changed. He became moody, irritable, and almost rude in his manner to Edith; he only relaxed when Martha was near, or when he was alone in her society. This angered that lady, and about such curious conduct she took him to task. It was during a dance at the Pump Room, and he had that day been more than usually obnoxious in his behavior towards everybody, and in no mild terms she rated him. But her lecture only brought upon herself a most terrible storm of anguish and adoration, from which she escaped to her chair pale, trembling, and broken. Edward went straight to Edith, and before the evening had ended the day of their wedding was fixed. From that time he appeared to become calmer and more like himself; Martha also revived; and Edith was, in her grave way, as happy as her nature would permit her to be; and all went well and smoothly, until the day before the marriage.

It was night, a similar one, I imagine, to this—the shrubs at their glossiest, the turf at its smoothest and softest, the trees gleaming silver against the last rays of a red sunset which, mingling with a growing moonlit twilight, make up a most harmonious scene. And this house was full of a cheery company, making merry after the rather pompous manner of their time. Since their arrival from Bath, and during the few weeks which preceded the wedding day, Edward and Edith had each night after the evening meal, walked on that terrace path opposite, and this custom of theirs was so well known that no one thought of using the walk, or of intruding in any way upon the young couple. But on this night Edward walked alone until it was near dusk, when he was joined by a slight, graceful figure, with whom he talked for a short time low and earnestly. Music sounded from within

the house, the guests began to dance, and the time was passing on, when the betrothed pair and Martha were missed. The room which the girls occupied was sought, and it was discovered that, owing to some slight malady, Edith had gone there, instead of taking her usual walk with her lover, and that she had not left it since. Then Edward appeared, but no Martha. Now, as it was already late, some anxiety was felt about the girl, and, as the hours sped on, a search was instituted. The grounds far and near were beaten, her favorite haunts minutely inspected; every surmise was acted upon, but no Martha found. The majority of the searchers, who knew her well, were beginning to look upon the affair as a tiresome joke, and many gave it up and went to their rooms. Still the search continued; through the whole night they sought with anxious care, and at daybreak they found her lying, a lovely corpse, between the farthest of those large laurels on which I am looking now. There seemed to be absolutely no explanation of the mystery. A few hours before she was in sound health and abounding spirits, and there in the early morning sunlight, with no sign of violence, she lay dead.

The servants had seen two persons, whom they had supposed to be Edward and Edith, walking as usual, near that spot—and Edward, grey-white and much shattered, owned to having met, as he believed, Edith in the gloaming, and having addressed a few words to her, passed on without discovering that it was not she. Another examination showed that Martha wore a new and unknown ring, but as no wound was discovered that could have caused her death, little notice was taken of it, and so amidst universal regrets she was buried. It was commonly thought, that, knowing her sister to be unable to keep her tryst, she had, with her usual playfulness, impersonated Edith without the lover discovering the difference. But how she came by her death no one presumed to say. In those days they attributed more things to the visitation of God than we do now. The

marriage naturally postponed through that great and general mourning, Edward returned to his ship, and the next news that came to sadden this family, was that he had wickedly and rebelliously insulted, then challenged, and endeavored to kill, his superior officer, for which crimes a court-martial sentenced him to a long term of imprisonment. This was a terrible sorrow, as well as a great and lasting disgrace, and the news of his death, which occurred in less than a twelvemonth, was received more as a relief than a shock. At his death a letter was sent to our mutual ancestor, Edith's father, which apparently grieved him very much, but the contents of which he never disclosed to any one.

Francis took his brother's place in everything; he married Edith, they had children, and were fairly happy for about ten years, when she died, only a few months later than her father. At her funeral and the reading of her will all the members of our family were present (as she was a great heiress and the wife of the head of the house), and then Francis with much sorrow read to his assembled relations the following letter, first advising them all that it was a private and serious matter concerning only themselves, and urging that no mention should be made of it during their lives. His advice was faithfully followed; but since their time the tale has been common property in this neighborhood, and I am only writing down what everybody knows by hearsay. The letter was dated from the Marshalsea, a few days before Edward's death, and ran thus :

SIR,—With the death approaching me that I have for a long period most earnestly prayed, it is come to the time when I must confide to you, with most passionate grief and regret, the whole reason of the miserable and dastardly conduct which has landed me, in the prime of my youth and the full vigor of my life, into this sad plight. After the betrothing of your daughter Edith to me, I found that my esteem for her was but the affection of one young

cousin for another; and that I unfortunately loved her sister Martha with all the ardor of an intemperate nature. In the hope that I might conquer this passion, I eagerly sought the dangerous excitement of a sea-faring life, hoping to find distraction in the din of battle and in the perils of the sea, for the violence of that attachment which I had for her never abated, and I have it unto this day; though it was through me, alas! that she came by her sad and early death. It is with the abjectest shame and most overwhelming misery, that I confide to you that I, one of your own blood, am a *murderer*; and as though that were not enough, that I am the unwitting and wicked destroyer of your best-loved child. On the high seas and in Spain, whither my duty often called me, I met with many people of that nation, and amongst them a young noble who was seized with a great affection for me, who treated me with the most charming condescension, and who gave me on my last farewell to him a ring in memory of our delightful intercourse. This ring had come to him from an ancestor, who had it from a necromancer, and it was credited to possess the hideous property of poisoning the wearer if pressed into his finger. I did not at that time give credence to the legend; but I took the ring; and on the night before my wedding some evil spirit tempted me to try its power upon my unloved bride. I verily believe that Satan bereft me of my reason. She and I met, as was our wont, upon the wide terrace. She did not speak. I told her then in plain and earnest language I much feared we could not be happy in our new life together. She replied in a low voice "that with me alone rested her sole happiness." I said, "If that be so we will do our best; take this ring, and wear it always." I placed it upon her finger; in so doing I remembered its properties, and although without faith, I devilishly and wickedly pressed it into the delicate flesh. She gave a little cry, then laughed and vowed I had not hurt her—still in her low voice; then putting her arms about my

neck, which last attention I had never before known her to pay me, whispered, "I love you," and turned and immediately left me. I went hastily towards the village, straight there, and returned to find to my dreadful discomfort that Edith had not left the house, and that Martha was missing. Then I felt the horrible truth. I knew quite well that she must be lying dead somewhere, and through my terrible act, and also that wherever she was *she loved me*. Need I dwell upon the soul-devouring agony of that time, when your own misery was so deep? But you did not suffer the tortures of a murderer who had murdered the beloved being for whose life he would gladly have died a thousand deaths. Afterward, as you know, I went to my ship, where, weary of all, I purposely insulted and struck a noble, kindly gentleman, in the hope that I should have immediately been shot; but respect for you and yours made them deal me a far worse treatment—the time in which to think upon my crimes, which thoughts have quite consumed me, and I have now but the space of a few hours left me in which to live. A wilful murderer I cannot hope to meet my Maker. Still I crave for all your prayers.

So little is known of this event that I am bound to tell it baldly—this is all. Most families have more exciting stories, I believe, but none, I think, more sad. Not that its sadness affects us much, for we are as merry a company as ever those four were in the days before the betrothal. In our earliest youth we all imagined Edward to be a changeling, for such strong passions are not common with us, and sometimes now we speculate as to whether we ourselves would have been different (that is to say, if we had been at all) if he and not Francis had been our forefather; and also we wonder if Edith had gone out that night, if he could have married Martha with such a sin upon his conscience. But these are youthful, idle speculations, and more of that mysterious crime we shall

probably never learn, any more than I shall ever really know what it was in the aspect of the silhouette that prompted me to write this to-night.

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From All The Year Round.  
THE TWO BOSTONS.

A MUCH larger number of Englishmen know Boston, Massachusetts, than know Boston, Lincolnshire, and the reasons for this are plain. There is the still prevalent notion amongst travelling Britons that their own country needs but little attention at their hands. There is still the fine old crusted belief that Lincolnshire is a county of swamp and ague, unendowed with scenic or any other attractions; a belief fostered by the fact that until within the last year there was no Lincolnshire guide-book worthy of the name.

Yet there is hardly a patch of original fenland in the whole county; and although it cannot be classed amongst the beautiful counties of England, there are attractive pastoral bits about the Wolds, there is a picturesqueness and originality about the flat lands which impresses every visitor who recognizes its unique character so far as our country is concerned; each of its chief towns abounds with historical and antiquarian interest, and there is no happier hunting-ground in all England for the ecclesiologist.

The two Bostons, unlike as they are to each other in their general characteristics, and particularly in their surroundings, have points of resemblance in common. As a body corporate, the American child has long since outstripped the English parent, and, after passing through a period of scholastic, reserved, and, it must be added, priggish stand-offishness, is now striding ahead amongst the foremost commercial and industrial centres of the States. The parent threatened to drift for a while into helpless senility when the foreign trade, which had hitherto been monopolized by the eastern ports of

England, was, by the rise and development of America, transferred to the western, but Boston was of too sturdy a foundation to be killed by a mere accident; new channels of trade have been opened of recent years, and an American visitor whom we met at the Peacock was quite disappointed.

"What did you expect to find?" we asked.

"Well, I guessed I should find a dead, cobwebby sort of old place, and it's so confoundedly lively."

In Lincolnshire Boston we do not find ourselves in that faint, sad light of other days which impresses us so profoundly in the towns of that other English marshland on the south coast, such as Sandwich, or Rye, or Romney, or Lydd. He who has worked his way upwards through the Cambridgeshire fens, by such towns as Ramsey, Whittlesea, Thorney, and Crowland, and who anticipates at Boston a repetition of their silence and lifelessness, will be agreeably disappointed.

Improved communications both with sea and land, the formation of new docks, the development of new industries, have given it a new lease of life; it is a brisk, cheerful place, and although it may never attain again to the proud position it once occupied, that of being the third port in the kingdom, it should have a great future before it.

Not that old Boston has followed the example of many other resuscitated towns, and has cast off from head to foot her ancient clothing in exchange for newer raiment, which she has not yet learned to wear with ease and grace. There is plenty of old Boston left. There are streets and lanes leading off from the market-place, and down by the waterside, in which not a house is less than a century old, and which can show many dating back to the days of old merchant princes like the Le Spaynes, the Kymes, and the Husseys, when Boston had a large trade in wine, corn, and woollens, not only with Germany, and Flanders, and France, but with the great religious houses in all the neighboring counties.

Quaint old street names such as

Gaunt (Ghent) Lane, Wrangle, Wormgate, Prove Lane, and Packhouse Quay, meet us everywhere. Links with the past are continually reminding us that the revival movement is quite modern. The gable end of the old Saint Mary's Guild House, in South Street, still retaining its fine Perpendicular window, recalls the proud days of old when the town was ruled by its guilds, the others being Saint Botolph's, Corpus Christi, Saint George's, Saints Peter and Paul, and the Holy Trinity. Of these the names attached to streets remain, but nothing more.

Close by is the fine old Shodfriars Hall, part, it is said, of an old monastery. In Sibsey Lane, off South Street, are the remains of the old gaol, which in turn succeeded the powerful Dominican foundation—a row of sturdy arches with closely barred windows and stout doors. From this old relic we enter a little square of eighteenth-century houses, occupying the site of part of the friary close, and much visited by antiquaries for the sake of the fine gravestone, built into a house wall, of Wisselus, of Smalenburgh, who died in 1340, no doubt one of the "Esterlings" to whom the town owed so much of its prosperity.

Further along South Street, towards the Docks, we pass under massive iron gates bearing the town arms—a bull (unaccountably described as a ram couchant) on a woollack, and three ducal coronets, with two mermaids as supporters—and crossing the Mart Yard, where once the famous Saint Botolph's Fair was held, come to the old grammar school, built in 1567.

Although South Street leads to the Docks, it has distinctly an old-world air about it. It runs by the side of the Witham, past ranges of old warehouses, and grass-grown quays, and dusty little low-browed inns with nautical signs, and here and there a fine old residence in its pleasant garden; so that without much straining of the imagination we can picture the scenes of excitement and animation hereabouts when the Esterling ships came sailing up with goods for the fair, and the



purveyors from the great abbeys came ambling in to purchase their winter stores of sound wine and stout wool-lens.

No brand-new hotel has yet supplanted the Peacock — a study in itself of old-world domestic construction, full of quaint little rooms, dark corners, odd, uneven passages, and meaningless-looking staircases; and with a panelled coffee-room containing a carved oaken chimney-piece of the same character as, but more elaborate than, that which used to be in the chop-room of the old Cock Tavern in Fleet Street.

The glory of Boston is the church dedicated to Saint Botolph, who shares with Saint Nicholas the distinction of being the patron of mariners; and the glory of Boston Church is its tower, known throughout the length and breadth of fenland as Boston Stump.

From afar Boston Stump proclaims the whereabouts of Boston. The mariner at sea strains his eyes for its guiding finger. The fen men for miles around base their weather prognostications upon the clearness or obscurity of its appearance. The pedestrian and the wheelman far away on the straight, dusty fen-land roads, make for it just as in the old wayfaring days did pilgrims, packmen, and pedlars, toiling along the monk-built causeways, which at rare intervals stretched across the wild, weird, lone expanse of quaking bog. A thing of beauty of which the eye never wearies is Boston Stump. Three grand stories surmounted by a graceful octagon lantern, formed by arches turned diagonally over the angles of the tower, spring to a height of two hundred and sixty-three feet from foundations, courses of which have been found to extend under the river-bed.

In the third story formerly hung the great beacon lamp, but when the octagon was added the lamp was placed therein, and the third story became a belfry. The somewhat gaunt and bare appearance of its great arches, unrelieved by transom or tracery, still point to its original use. The tower was commenced on Palm Sunday, 1309, and

finished in five years — thoroughly finished, too, for not a flaw or crack is perceptible in the masonry from top to bottom.

The church itself may be described as vast and imposing, rather than beautiful. Time and the hands of men have dealt hardly with it. Of its famous stained glass, hardly a fragment remains; of its numerous brasses, only one or two are now to be seen; the beautiful choir stalls have but recently had their canopies replaced; the rood loft has been destroyed; very few of the numerous monuments to Church dignitaries and old Boston merchant-princes, for which it was renowned, exist; and the modern chime of bells harmonize but poorly with the magnificent tower in which they are hung.

A very striking view of the height of the tower may be had by standing beneath the vault and looking upwards to the base of the third story — an unbroken vista of smooth, fresh-looking stone, delicately carved and moulded into a most harmonious and graceful *tout-ensemble*. Small wonder it is that Americans flock to old Boston in such numbers. In the town-hall, no doubt Brewster and his companion Pilgrim Fathers were brought up before the magistrates, after the frustration of their projected escape from Laud's persecution to Holland. Of the original founders of new Boston, who sailed with Winthrop in 1630, John Cotton was vicar of old Boston, Atherton Hough was mayor, Bellingham was recorder, Leverett was alderman; three Boston men became governors of Massachusetts, and one, Coddington by name, was known as the "father of Rhode Island."

At any rate, it is a subject of common remark in Boston that American visitors not only require no guides about the town, but seem to know very much more about its ins and outs and prominent features than the majority of natives, go direct to all the points of interest, and have the histories of them at their tongues' ends.

In one respect old Boston is very much less attractive than its namesake

across the Atlantic. Its natural surroundings are decidedly unlovely and uninteresting. Approached from any quarter the prospect is the same. Flat land, unbroken by the merest pimple of a hill, stretching as far as the eye can range; every acre of it cultivated to the highest pitch of perfection; the monotony of the scene varied only by an occasional clump of wind-tossed trees, or a minaret-topped windmill, or a cluster of heavily thatched cottages round about one of the bridges which cross the innumerable dykes by which the country is intersected in all directions, or by one of the stately church towers for which the county is famed.

Straight as arrows run the fen-land roads, raised high upon banks of luxuriant grass above the dykes of which the dark, motionless water is rich with crowfoot, and brook-limes, and meadow-sweet, and the great blue water forget-me-not. In the more sequestered regions we may meet with some of the ancient feathered inhabitants of the fen-land, with the sharp-billed, shrieking curlew, the white-tailed sand-piper, the bullying Norway crows, the heron, and black-backed gulls, but the roar of the Lincolnshire agricultural machinery seems to have frightened them away from more frequented districts, and the solemn stillness of the air, even during the spring months, is remarkable.

But he who thinks to see a relic of primitive fen hereabouts will be disappointed. The new lease of life taken by Boston after its decay seemed assured, when the discovery of America led to a transfer of trade from east to west, when the river Witham began to silt up, when the dissolution of the monasteries deprived Boston merchants of a most valuable outlet for their trade, is distinctly reflected in the country around. The men are fine, stalwart fellows, the women fresh-colored, and the children no longer prematurely crippled with ague, rheumatism, and the other ills inseparable from life in a marshy country. The cottages are neat and clean, beggars are rare, indeed, during ten days, tramping

through the fen-country, we did not meet one.

No. He who comes hither in search of the picturesque is doomed to disappointment, but the human interest of the land is intense.

Fresh from old Boston, the huge Massachusetts city becomes invested with double interest in the eyes of the traveller. Great as is the change which has been wrought in old Boston during the past quarter of a century, still more remarkable is that which has affected the American city. When Oliver Wendell Holmes, essentially the "doyen" of Boston, first attracted the world to his Breakfast Table, Boston stood aloof from the other cities of the States, prided itself upon the exclusive and almost aristocratic tone of its society, and upon its character as an oasis of culture and intellectual refinement amidst a bald, prosaic desert, wherein men drove themselves crazy with the *auri sacra fames*. Poets, thinkers, dilettanti, found in the stately saloons of old Beacon Street a congenial atmosphere which was denied them in Madison Avenue and Walnut Street; and in old-world houses which might have been transplanted bodily from some old-world English provincial town, the chosen people—that is, the scions of old Knickerbocker and New England families, and the men and women of culture—met together to snub the outside money-grubbers, to pat each other on the shoulder, and to glory in the fate which had made them residents in the Hub of the Universe.

But much of this feeling has been swept away in the inexorable torrent of the world's progress. Your latest made Boston citizen still calls his city the Hub, but he is much too practical and far-sighted a man to believe it to be so in its original sense. Boston has become not only essentially a city of business, but actually it has become a city of Irishmen. The proud old families, tracing their descent to East Anglian families, who once ruled the roost, have been edged into the side paths, whilst the Irish mayor and the Irish

councillors, and their following of Irish merchants, tradesmen, and rowdies, swarm down the highroad, yelling what a quarter of a century ago would have been accounted absolute heresy.

Still, the first remark made by the English visitor to Boston is, "How English it all looks!" The lines upon which the old colonists planned their town—that is to say, after the good Old Country fashion, upon no lines at all, but anyhow, higgledy-piggledy, just where a choice lot protruded itself in front of the Puritan nose—are still followed in the heart of the city proper; and the English visitor notes, perhaps for the first time during his exploration of American cities, winding streets intersected by innumerable lanes and alleys, and footways, breaking out occasionally into squares, or circles, or triangles, just as he left behind him in old London City.

Moreover, the existence of the Common in the very midst of everything increases the illusion of being in England, particularly when we look at that part of Beacon Street which fronts it, and remember to have seen the twin brethren of these old, white window-framed, quaintly portalled, big-chimneyed houses, in many a quiet old English town, and in every old-fashioned London suburb, and when we look up at the big elm-trees on the Tremont Street side and recognize at once their nationality.

Of course the American street is there. Directly Beacon Street quits the Park, and gets on to the reclaimed land of the Back Bay, it becomes straight, broad, new, and magnificent. Commonwealth and Columbus Avenues are simply lines of palaces, and in every direction are springing up straight streets of splendid mansions, which take us with a very sudden and long jump from the seventeenth to the nineteenth centuries. Let it be recorded to the credit of the Bostonians that they treasure fondly the relics which have come down to them from the old days. The old State House still stands midway between State and Court Streets. These were christened King and Queen

Streets, and the royal arms shone upon the State House—or, as it was known, the Town House—summit; but who can blame patriotic Bostonians for wiping away names which meant but bullying and injustice to them, and for leaving Lion and Unicorn with nothing to take care of?

Still stands Faneuil Hall, built in 1742, and called the Cradle of Liberty from the patriotic meetings which were held within its walls during the War of Independence; and, strange to say, close to it the statue of Winthrop, the first personal embodiment of that royal power which was to be hurled down with such a rude crash. Still stands the old King's Chapel, with unchanged title, whereto proceeded in due state on Sunday mornings their Excellencies and the *élite* of the old Boston courtly society, and the old King's Chapel burial-ground, dating from 1630. Still stands the Old South Church in the very busiest and noisiest part of Boston's busiest and noisiest street, and on a tablet over the entrance we read: "Old South. Church gathered 1669. First House built 1620. This House erected 1729. Desecrated by British troops 1775-6."

More than one attempt has been made to remove it in sacrifice to the Juggernaut of business, but Boston's doughtiest champions, Dr. Holmes and Mr. Lowell, raised their voices with such effect on its behalf that it has been spared, and a "New Old South" has been fearfully and wonderfully constructed elsewhere.

Many another old-time relic remains—burial-grounds, such as the Granary, the Copps Hill, and the Old Central; houses, such as the Auchmuty Mansion, the Edes House, and the "Old Corner Book Store;" churches, such as old Christ Church; and spots famous in the stirring history of the last colonial period.

The charm of Boston lies very much in the fact that the new only serves to accentuate the old. Somehow the Old South and the State House do not look out of place amidst the crash and turmoil of Washington Street—once

called, be it remarked, Marlborough Street. Their surroundings actually support them instead of rendering them ridiculous. The street winds and turns; no two houses are alike, and the palatial pile of the nineteenth-century insurance building or newspaper office jostles in the friendliest manner a gambrel-roofed, dormer-windowed structure such as the Old Corner Book Store, which was a book store in the days of Crispus Attuck and the "Boston Massacre."

But to our mind the centre of Boston's charm is the Common. The venerable elms; the Long Walk, which played so pleasant a part in the courtship of the Autocrat and the Schoolmistress; the pleasant, leaf-shaded mall under Beacon Street, of which the old-world houses peep through the foliage; the Old Central Burial Ground, with its lichen-grown slate tombstones—these led our steps far more readily to the Common than to the garish and over-poweringly wealthy-looking avenues of fashion.

Yet it was in the very centre of the fashionable part of Beacon Street that we found our beloved Autocrat at home. It may be readily believed that his study window did not look out upon the broad street, with its ceaseless stream of fashionable equipages and its faultlessly arrayed human swarm.

"When I look out," he said, "I have my whole life spread before me. There are the roofs of old Cambridge, where I was born, bred, and educated. There runs the Charles River, which I call my aviary, and on which I used to row long before rowing became an universal pastime; and there, on that wooded height, is Mount Auburn, where all my dearest friends lie buried. They are going to blot it all out with new buildings, and a new bridge has already cut off a big slice of my view; but it will last my time—it will last my time!"

If we weary of Boston itself, we can never weary of its suburbs—to our mind the most beautiful suburbs of any city in the world. There is Brookline, an undulating tract of woodland, dotted

with villas, no two of which are alike, of which many are pretty and picturesque, some are simply curious examples of eccentricity, and a few are monstrosities. There is pleasant, rural Dorchester, and the Dorchester Heights whence a grand panorama of Boston harbor and bay is obtained. There is Roxbury; there is Brighton, beyond which is the famous Chestnut Hill Park and Corey Hill. Finally there is Cambridge, in which is incorporated Harvard, with its old-world, stately group of buildings: Stoughton, Hollis, Massachusetts, and Harvard Halls and Holden Chapel. In Cambridge itself there is Longfellow's house, the Washington elm bearing the inscription, "Under this tree Washington first took command of the American Army, July 3d, 1775," and many an old-world house, of which perhaps the Wadsworth House, where the principals of Harvard used to reside, is the quaintest specimen. Still further afield are two excursions which no Englishman should fail to make.

The first is to Lexington, by the Boston and Maine railroad, alighting at the station known as Munroe's, and proceeding along the course of the fighting on that eventful April day when we first loosened a hold on our magnificent colonies which was destined never to be fast again, as far as Concord. Every foot of the six miles of road has its interesting and stirring if, from an Englishman's point of view, rather humiliating association. Every historic spot has been carefully labelled, so that the traveller may literally read as he runs—or rather saunters, for hurry seems out of place amidst such solemn surroundings.

Let him note at Concord the original Old Manse of Hawthorne, into the boundary wall of which has been built that stone simply inscribed "Grave of British Soldiers," which inspired Russell Lowell's well-known poem. Let him stand on the bridge—which, by the way, is not the original "rude bridge that arch'd the flood"—and try to realize, amidst the absolute peace and silence of the scene, the momen-

tous events of that sweltering April day when Earl Percy's veterans fled in ignominious rout beneath the hidden fire of a rabble of ill-armed, ill-disciplined farmers and plough-boys.

The second expedition is to quaint Salem, one of the least American of American towns, famous as having been the town in which in 1774 Massachusetts State assumed sovereign power, as the cradle of many generations of fine old sea-dogs, as the birth-place of Hawthorne, whose "House of the Seven Gables" is still shown, and as having been the scene of the witch persecution of 1692.

Here we take our leave of the two Bostons. He who visits the one, and omits the other, leaves an interesting chapter in comparative history unread; he who visits both realizes more fully than before the truth of two famous sayings: that of Garrick, "a fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind," and that of Shakespeare, "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

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From The Nineteenth Century.

SOCIALISM IN FRANCE:  
ITS PRESENT AND FUTURE.

I.

If it has not been decided, even by the aid of long dissertations, whether the paternity of the word "Socialism" belongs to Robert Owen, Pierre Leroux, or Louis Reybaud, still less has any one succeeded in fixing the exact signification of that term. Proudhon, on appearing before a court of assize after the eventful days of June, 1848, replied to the judge: "Socialism! That is, every aspiration towards the amelioration of society." "Then we are all Socialists," said the judge. "I hope so, indeed," answered Proudhon, not without irony.

Some years ago in France, every man who gave his attention to social questions was given, and accepted without protest, the title of Socialist. Much less importance was attached to it when the conquests sought were those of

liberty. All the advocates of social reform asked for freedom of the press and the right of meeting. They demanded also such changes in the law of association as should not leave trades unions to the mere tolerance or the persecution of the public authorities.

Freedom of the press and of meeting were obtained in 1881. So wide, indeed, was the liberty conceded that it lacked the indispensable counterpoise of responsibility. In 1884, instead of a general law on associations, a special law was passed on professional or trade syndicates, authorizing "the free and unlicensed establishment of associations of persons carrying on the same profession, similar trades, or connected industries co-operating in the manufacture of certain products. These syndicates must have for their exclusive object the study and defence of economic interests, manufacturing and agricultural. Their founders must deposit a copy of their rules and the names of the persons charged with their administration, at the town hall of the department when the syndicate is established in the provinces, and at the Prefecture of the Seine when in Paris. These syndicates may form unions; but while *they* can possess real estate and sue or be sued in a court of law, the *unions* cannot. Moreover, the syndicates may possess only the real estate necessary for their meetings—libraries and business offices. They may establish funds for assistance in case of ill-health, etc., and for pensions; and they may open offices at which information can be obtained on the supply of and the demand for labor. Every member of a trade syndicate can retire from it at any moment—without any other charge than the payment of his contribution for the year—while maintaining his right to remain a member of the benefit and pension societies to which he has subscribed."

This law was demanded and voted by the Republicans as a law of freedom; but they feared to pass a general law on associations, because of the religious congregations. They, therefore, gave



freedom of association to trade associations only, and with the restrictions which I have just indicated. The reactionaries mistrusted this law much, though, by a singular irony, it is they who have made the greatest use of it. Pretending to the exclusive representation of agriculture, they have founded agricultural syndicates for the purchase of agricultural machines, manures, and animals for breeding; and they have endeavored to make political capital out of these. If the agricultural syndicates have rendered service to agriculture, they have done nothing of the kind for those who sought to use them as electoral means. Employers have made use of this law to found syndicates which have chiefly been worked for Protectionist ends. As to the workmen, the "*Annuaire des Syndicats*" counts as working with the syndicates only two hundred and eight thousand, or about six per cent. of the laboring population of France, the agricultural laborers excepted. But many have not been willing to join syndicates constituted in conformity with the law, as they consider that some obligations to which they are submitted under it do violence to their freedom and dignity, and are police arrangements. More than half of the syndicates which occupied the *Bourse du Travail* were illegal.

As the result of my speech in the Chamber of Deputies on the 8th of May last, the minister of the interior, M. Charles Dupuy, took steps to compel these syndicates to conform to the law before the 5th of July. The members of the "executive commission of the committee" of the *Bourse du Travail* replied "to the indescribable affront which the minister of the interior had just inflicted on the laboring class, that the dignity, the honor of the proletariat bid it not to let pass so odious a provocation."

The syndicates affirmed by deliberate and repeated resolutions, not merely that those which were not *en règle* would not put themselves in accordance with the law, but that the others, "in order to recover their indepen-

dence," should cease to observe legal prescriptions.

I cite this fact more especially to show the singular conception of legality which has grown up among French Socialists. A law has been passed abrogating that of 1791 which, in order to guarantee the freedom of labor against the tricks of corporations, prohibited all associations between persons of the same profession. This law of 1884 gives them rights which they may regard as too restricted; but instead of asking for their extension—for example, by enlarging their power of holding property—they have refused to submit to the law, while at the same time they are promoting the adoption of a new law, which has been voted by the Chamber of Deputies and rejected by the Senate, and is known by the name of the deputy who has presented it as the *loi Bovier-Lapierre*. According to this bill, every employer who refused to hire a workman and was so simple-minded as to declare that this refusal was based on the fact that the workman was a member of a syndicate, or who discharged a workman for the same reason, would be liable to from ten days' to a month's imprisonment and a fine of from one hundred to two thousand francs. Every employer would be under the obligation, under penalty, to accept any workman who was a member of a syndicate, and—when once this workman was domiciled with him—to regard him as immovable, whatever might be the freaks to which he gave himself up.

There still remains the question whether the workmen who take part with the irregular syndicates demand the benefits of the *loi Bovier-Lapierre*, while so loudly scorning the law of 1884. The attitude of their representatives in the Chamber of Deputies would make one believe that they ask for the good things of the one law and reject the obligations of the other, although the two laws would be connected.

Behold the phenomenon which has manifested itself. Until about 1889 social reforms were regarded as reforms in the direction of liberty and

equality. It was at that point of view we placed ourselves when we obtained, by the law of the 2nd of April, 1868, the abrogation of Article 1781 of the Civil Code, by virtue of which the master's mere word was taken as to the amount of wages and its payment. Again, it was from that point of view that we procured, in 1883, the repeal of the laws which obliged the workman to carry about a book in which were entered sundry matters concerning him. It was at that point of view we placed ourselves to attain the repeal of Article 416 of the Penal Code, which prohibited workmen from suspending their labors in order to obtain an increase of wages. That article, modified by the law of 1864, was finally abrogated by the first article of the law of the 21st of March, 1884, on workmen's syndicates, which recognized the right of combination and of striking. The majority of those who demanded and obtained these legislative changes received, however, and accepted, the name of Socialists. But now, in France, so far from Socialism being a movement of liberty and equality, it might be defined: The intervention of the State in contracts of labor, always directed against the employer and to the exclusive profit of the laborer.

## II.

IN 1789 the French Revolution affirmed the rights of man against the rights of the State. During its continuance there was but one really Socialistic manifestation—that of Babeuf. The real awakening of Communistic ideas was at the Restoration and under the government of Louis Philippe. Saint-Simon and Fourier were its two most eminent exponents. Louis Blanc, in a little book entitled "*L'Organisation du Travail*," made a passionate criticism of the actual state of society. He proposed State workshops, in which, as an incitement to work, would be placed large placards bearing the inscription: "Whoever does not work is a thief." He thought that the State should become the sole producer and the sole distributor of wealth. Proudhon

published his book "*La Propriété c'est le Vol!*" and while ridiculing the Communists, advocated the suppression of interest by the establishment of a bank of exchange in which barter should replace the use of money, as a means of the abolition of poverty and the equalization of fortunes.

These various conceptions resulted in the creation of the national workshops in 1848, and afterwards led to the insurrection usually called *les journées de juin*. Under the Empire Socialistic ideas, though restrained, manifested themselves in 1862 by the formation of *l'Internationale*. They came to a head in the Commune of 1871. Resting latent after that, they grew in strength and expanded after the amnesty of 1879, which brought back to France the old chiefs and champions of the Commune. A certain number of these, among them M. Jules Guesde, came back imbued with the Socialism of Karl Marx, and presented as their programme the accession of the Fourth Estate. They said that if the Revolution of 1789 had suppressed the privileges of the nobility and clergy, in making them equal before the law with the Third Estate, it had acted to the profit only of the *bourgeoisie*—that it had created a "capitalist class," and that the workmen constituting the Fourth Estate must make their '89. Their political resource was a war of classes—as if there were classes recognized by the public or domestic law of France! They repeated the formula of Marx concerning the "surplus labor which gives profit to the employer," so that an employer has but to multiply the number of his workmen and their hours of labor to make his fortune! They demanded, therefore, as an immediate and practical measure, the limitation of the hours of labor by law. After that they showed what steps should be taken to transform the supply of food into a public function, by the municipalities at first, to be followed by the "socialization" of the instruments of production—the machinery of industry and the land.

In order to distinguish their various

schools, French Socialists take the names, not of principles, but of men. The Marxists, the disciples of Karl Marx, are also called Guesdists. The Broussists, who follow M. Paul Brousse, form *le parti ouvrier*, properly so called. The Allemanists have for their leader a working printer, M. Allemane. The Blanquists, who are attached to the tradition of the ancient conspirator Blanqui, dream above all of riots and insurrections, without troubling themselves much about the economic transformations to follow in their wake. They love the Social Revolution for the Revolution itself. They are the devotees of art as art.

In reality, all the Socialists are much more divided by personal questions than by questions of doctrine. They are all of opinion that the actual state of society is worthless, that legislation should interfere vigorously to give to the laborers all the privileges they may demand, that however great these demands may be they will never be sufficient, and that the end to be arrived at is the expropriation of the "capitalist class." Thus, as may well be believed, this expropriation is to be violent; though, the expropriators declare with touching unanimity that, if this violence come about it will not be their fault, but that of those who resist them. While waiting for this beautiful consummation of their dreams, they go every year, on the 28th of May, to celebrate religiously the anniversary of the defeat of the Commune in 1871. In inflammatory harangues, they render homage to the heroes who stirred up civil war and burnt down the monuments of Paris under the eyes of the Prussians; and they take solemn oaths to take their revenge, not against the external enemy, about whom they have never concerned themselves, but against the internal enemy — their fellow-citizens of France.

### III.

WHILE living in expectation of this grand day, notwithstanding their intestine divisions and the confusion and contradiction of certain of their ideas,

they are taking an active part in politics, and their action is growing, for reasons I will now explain.

Very wisely, their principal chiefs have understood that the peasants — the small French proprietors and cultivators, who, of all the principles of right, know best that which asserts that *nul n'est tenu de rester dans l'indivision* — would not be accessible, for a long time at least, to their Collectivist theories; so they address themselves to the centres in which are found the workmen employed in large scale production. They have put before them, as an immediate object, the capture of the municipalities. They succeeded, at the last municipal elections, in installing Socialism, with flying colors, in twenty-nine municipalities, of which three are large towns — Roubaix, Montluçon, and Saint-Denis.

At the same time they tried to force the gates of the Chamber of Deputies. In 1889 they cunningly profited by Boulangism, some bidding for its support, others for the support of its adversaries. A dozen succeeded.

M. Goblet, an ex-minister, having been beaten, in 1889, in two successive elections in the Somme and Department of the Seine, and stranded since 1891 in the Senate, where he found himself without influence, was devoured by the ambition of playing anew an active part and returning to power. In the elections of 1893 — in concert with another deputy, M. Millebrand, very clever and the less scrupulous with regard to doctrines as he knows nothing about them — M. Goblet conceived the idea of the "Socialist Union." The project was to associate certain Radical Republicans with the Socialists in common electoral action. They also managed to draw to their alliance the former Boulangists. M. Goblet, a late minister of the interior, who had, in 1882, to repress the disorders of the strike of Bessèges — a late deputy of the Left Centre who had been one of the most embittered adversaries of the amnesty — presented himself to the electors in company with late members and convicts of the Com-

mune of 1871 and professional revolutionists.

This scheme succeeded. To-day they reckon that they will enter the Chamber to the number of sixty-eight. This is relatively few when compared with the five hundred and eighty-one members who compose the Chamber of Deputies, if we must not add some Socialistic Radicals who will follow them with docility and even go beyond them sometimes in order to manifest their existence, and, finally, an indeterminate number of deputies who, being without any strong convictions and having characters more or less feeble, will allow themselves to be seduced and intimidated. These Republicans believe themselves very clever, and will say to justify their weakness : "It would not do to let them have the monopoly of social questions ! By following them, we shall absorb them."

In France there is a legendary personage who throws himself in the water for fear of wetting himself and who is called Gribouille. These people who, for fear of Socialism, throw themselves into it have for their patron saint this illustrious Gribouille.

#### IV.

It is because of this policy that Socialism has made such strides in these latter years. Republicans, reactionaries, monarchists, adversaries of the Republic of all shades, have desired to attract to themselves "the working classes." They have therefore wished to give them *des satisfactions*—to prove that they were attentive to them ; and, instead of seeking reforms which would have been just and really useful to them, they have laid themselves out to flatter their prejudices, or, rather, the prejudices of their leaders. To this game of political self-seeking must be added that of the Protectionists.

The manufacturers, in order to obtain the raising of the customs duties on their wares, have incited their workpeople to take part with them. They have told them and urged them to repeat that the State should be the protector of "the national industry"

against that of foreigners. Some employers have even been so imprudent, in their mad passion, as to drive them on to riotous manifestations and threats. They have thus spread the conviction among the workpeople that the State can usefully intervene in order to fix the prices of goods and make them as dear as they like. Naturally the workmen, thus indoctrinated, have listened with enthusiastic docility to the Socialists who afterwards came and told them : "Your employers declare that the State can, by good laws, by good tariffs, raise the prices of goods and guarantee profits. But the State can also raise the rate of wages and guarantee to you a minimum. If it guards their profits against foreign competition, it ought also to insure your fair share of these benefits. They have claimed 'the assistance of society.' Demand it in your turn." And they have demanded it, as is proved by the letter of the Lillebonne strikers published in the *Siècle* of the 7th of June last.

Some Protectionists—such as M. Richard Waddington, brother of the late French ambassador at London—think themselves clever in swimming with this stream. M. Waddington, who is a Protectionist, has declared himself a Socialist, and has demanded with persistent energy the intervention of the State in labor contracts. He has drawn up a report on the law of the employment of children, young girls, and women in our manufactures.

The Civil Code protects minors and incapables, and I am in favor of the protection of children against the abuses which may be committed against them. But it is necessary that the law should not, under the pretext of repressing some abuses, create others which would leave the manufacturers in the hands of arbitrary authority, compel them to shut out children and young women from the workshops, and result—for the young people affected—in the suppression of apprenticeship and the replacement of labor by vagrancy and the factory by the prison.

Already in 1874 a law was passed for

the protection of children and girls who had not attained their majority, in manufactories. This law remained almost entirely a dead letter. The law of the 2nd of November, 1892, limited the labor of children of thirteen to sixteen years of age to ten hours per day ; but did this necessitate the limitation of their work during the gathering of roses and jasmine in the Midi ? These flowers are destined to be used in a manufacturing industry, to be distilled in order to extract their essences. Ought, then, their gathering in to be regarded as agricultural industry ? The above law does not extend to agriculture, though, from the economic point of view, it does not differ from other industries. And why was this difference made ? Because the deputies elected for the most part by rural populations feared to provoke among these people a discontent which they did not dread on the part of the manufacturing population, since, in their depraved appetite for regulation, very many of the workmen had demanded measures of this kind without well understanding their nature, and the employers seem to be *quantités négligables*.

After this law came into force, youths and girls of sixteen to eighteen years of age could no longer be employed more than sixty hours per week ; girls above eighteen and women were restricted to eleven hours per day. The women thus remain in the workshop while the girls and children are obliged to go away. And what are they to do outside ? This fastidious protection of children may have the most unfortunate results for them.

The cooks and pastry-cooks of Paris have three thousand apprentices, many of whom are orphans or have no relations in the French metropolis. The law compels their employers to give them one day's holiday per week ; and, as the employers have no desire to take any responsibility in the matter, this weekly holiday becomes a day of compulsory vagrancy for these boys.

The law condemns them to idleness. The legislator has not dreamed of what

this turning out of doors means for the child or the young woman. On the day after the promulgation of the law one house—that of Lebaudy—dismissed forty-four girls employed in breaking sugar, because they were too young. Messieurs Millerand, Baudin, and Dumay announced that they would question the government on this event ; but they did not dare to uphold the doctrine that an employer should be compelled to keep children and young women against his will. Has the material and moral condition of these young people been improved ?

We French Free Traders and Individualists willingly appeal to the experience of England. The partisans of the intervention of the State in labor contracts are only too happy to turn up for us the Factory Act of 1878 to justify the regulation of women's labor. Like the English law, the French one is riddled with exceptions. After Paragraph 3 of Article 5, an administrative regulation authorizes night work for sixty days, but to 11 P.M. only. This has special application to the trade and manufactures of Paris which, as our legislators have been good enough to recognize, are subject to times of great pressure which compensate for times of slackness.

M. Waddington said that he was convinced, on inquiry, that sixty days would suffice. Very good ; but if sixty days are all that are wanted, what is the use of the law ? Does any one work at night for the fun of the thing ? And how wise is this compulsory turning of the workwomen out into the streets at eleven o'clock at night, from the point of view of morals ! The legislator deprives these dressmakers, these workwomen, during the season of pressure, of a part of their wages which they would be able to save. Does he indemnify them for the loss when the dull season comes ?

Paragraph 5 of this article goes farther. It permits night-work—which, it appears, is no longer destructive of morals and the family when so authorized—but only on condition “that the work does not exceed, in any case,



seven hours in twenty-four." M. Félix Martin exposed, in the Senate, the situation to which this law reduces the women employed in stitching printed matter. They go to the workshop at nine o'clock at night. They may remain there till four o'clock in the morning. Then they are inexorably shown to the door. It may be raining or freezing, it may be light or dark ; but, however that may be, these workwomen must go, and must not re-appear in the workshop during the next seventeen hours which complete the twenty-four. What follows ? Under the pretence of protecting the women stitchers, the law really turns them out of employment and causes their replacement by men.

And, to speak frankly, all the fine phrases spun in the ostensible interest of women and for the protection of children have been but pretexts—though in France there is a very large infantile mortality in a certain number of more or less manufacturing departments of the south. In reality, what the Socialists have always aimed at in France is the exclusion of women from all industrial work. They have always regarded women as disloyal competitors who work at a lower price. They therefore fashion beautiful phrases for their special benefit, but with the object of getting rid of them from the labor market. French gallantry is thus transformed into a savage egotism. Up to the present time the only fruit of the law of the 2nd of November, 1892, has been strikes and discontent.

From the moment when one accepts the principle of the intervention of the legislator for the limitation of the labor of adult women there is no ground of principle on which to base its rejection for the labor of men. The law of the 9th of September, 1848, passed under the Socialistic influence of the moment, limited men's labor to twelve hours per day ; but the decrees of the 17th of May, 1851, and the 3rd of April, 1883, specify exceptions. In fact, custom has reduced the duration of daily labor to less than the legal limit in the majority of workshops and manufactories.

In mines it is scarcely more than eight to eight and a half hours of effective work. But the Socialists may well say : " Since the legislator can fix the day's work at twelve hours, why not fix it at eight ? The principle is consecrated by the law." Others have still more generous proposals. M. Vaillant, the new Socialist deputy of the Blanquist school, suggests a legal working day of six hours. M. Pablo Lafargue, a relation of Karl Marx and late deputy for Lille, demands a three-hours' day. Zero is, in fact, the only figure which is safe from being outbid.

The legal limitation of the hours of labor has an appearance of theoretic profundity for those who believe, with Karl Marx, that the employer's profit comes only out of surplus labor ; and it presents, at the same time, an immediate practical solace to the people who proudly style themselves " workers," but whose ideal is to work as little as possible. We do not blame them. They obey " the law of least effort " which dominates humanity in the economic as well as in the linguistic field. Only, the majority of them well understand that if the law diminishes their hours of work it must intervene again if it would prevent any diminution of their wages. The legislator thus finds himself committed to intervention in labor bargains in two ways and to the regulation of the cost of production. He thus substitutes the law, an authoritative arrangement, for a private contract freely entered into ; and if, as Sir Henry Sumner Maine has demonstrated, social progress substitutes contract for State intervention, it follows that State interference in the sale and purchase of labor, so far from marking an advance, is symptomatic of retrogression.

Among the legal measures demanded by the Socialists is the expulsion of foreign workmen. They are all internationalists in words—they even accept subsidies towards their election expenses from their German friends—but in fact they do not like the competition of foreigners, especially that of the Belgians and Italians. Yet this

competition is scarcely ever effective save in work which they consider beneath them. They seek, however, to reconcile their theory of fraternity between the proletarians of all countries with their personal interest by demanding that the fine, and if necessary imprisonment, shall be imposed on the employer of foreign workmen. This system satisfies all their requirements, and it affords an excellent opportunity of having one fling the more at the employer. It is very difficult for the Chamber of Deputies not to follow the Socialists on this path; for the latter will say to the Protectionists: "You have asked for duties for the protection of 'native industry'; but this industry is not native from the moment when foreigners can come and take part in it."

The Socialists also demand the suppression of the registry offices which submitted to the decree of 1852. These are completely in the hands of the police, who can intervene in case of abuse of their functions. The Socialists, in order to insure the recruitment of the trade syndicates, wish to give them a monopoly as agents between employer and employed. A committee of the last legislature adopted a bill framed to accomplish this. I procured its rejection by the Chamber of Deputies on the 8th of May last. This would have been a formidable instrument of oppression. The syndicates would have placed an interdict on all employers and workmen who would not come to terms with their chiefs.

V.

It was because of this that the question of the Bourse du Travail came up. M. de Molinari, one of the most original economists of this century, had so early as 1843 proposed the creation of *bourses du travail* at which bargains might be made by those who sought work and those who desired to purchase it. This idea was taken up by the Socialists, but with very different intentions from those of its author. The Municipal Council of Paris first opened a Bourse du Travail in 1887, in

the Rue Jean-Jacques Rousseau, and afterwards built a magnificent edifice, which cost three millions of francs, in the Rue du Château d'Eau, which was opened in the month of May, 1892. This *bourse* lacked only one element in order to justify its title: there were plenty of sellers of labor but the purchasers of it were rigorously shut out. The supply of labor was there, but the demand came not; and the very persons who showed purchasers the door wondered and were indignant at their absence. They consoled themselves, however. The delegates of the syndicates received an honorarium for their presence from the subventions given by the Municipal Council of Paris, and they multiplied every day. The time which they did not employ in discussions between themselves they consecrated to the elaboration of the *Journal de la Bourse du Travail*, which contained the most virulent articles against "capitalism" and employers. They organized public meetings, at which they gave themselves up to invectives and anathemas against the *bourgeois*. They busied themselves in provoking strikes at all points of France. They sent delegates to various Socialist congresses; and one of them, M. Chausse, himself a municipal councillor of Paris, on his return from the Congress of St.-Quentin, published a plan of the strategy to be adopted in social war. They organized lists of officers of Socialism and Revolution, as in 1871 the delegates of the battalions of the National Guards, forming the central committee, organized the Commune.

Through indifference, in order not to make a fuss, the police and the government permitted the installation of this focus of anarchy and its support by the Municipal Council at the expense of the rate-payers. Under pressure by the Chamber of Deputies, the ministry took the energetic step of closing it on the 6th of July last. Will they re-open it, as they are summoned to do by the Socialists? And, if so, on what conditions? Indeed there are *bourses du travail* in certain towns of the departments in some of which the errors of

that of Paris still prevail. Will the government attend to this? Will it allow them to continue their action, which, by serving to form their organization, was not without effect on the success of the Socialists at the last general election?

## VI.

ACCORDING to the ultimate conception of the Socialists, all laws of the kind we have just described are, notwithstanding their Socialistic character, but *bourgeois* legislation. But they claim the honor of having called them into existence, and they have no gratitude to the *bourgeois* Radical Socialists, like Messieurs Floquet and Clémenceau, who have lent themselves to the passing of this legislation. They loudly declare that the concessions made to them will but serve to fortify their cause and weaken their adversaries. They frankly forewarn those who co-operate with them that they are deceiving no one but themselves; but there are some persons who have a passion for this *jeu de dupes*. We shall see, in the coming legislative session, not only Radical Socialists, but Monarchists who have recently "rallied" to the present form of government and Republicans, accept it as the theme of their adulation and from the desire to try to deserve the gratitude of people who tell their allies that they must not count on receiving it.

In reality, the chief means of action of the Socialists is the strike. They do not look upon it in its economic aspect. They do not at all regard it as the withdrawal of labor from the market by the laborers, the rendering of the supply of labor a monopoly in order to raise its price. For them it is a combat of the advanced guard, a precursory episode of the social war. It is with these sentiments that they stir up strikes as frequently as possible. They have been obliged to give up the notion of a general strike, as the agriculturists decline to follow them. Not having succeeded in this, they endeavor to multiply partial strikes. The miners' strikes were the best for them. For, of the ninety-

two thousand underground workers in France, more than one-half are grouped in the departments of the Nord and the Pas-de-Calais. It was so much the easier to work upon them, as these miners were admirably disciplined by the companies. They, however, put the quality of obedience which they had acquired at the service of revolutionaries, and with docility obeyed their orders.

When the strike broke out, drawing into its vortex many thousands of workmen, the public, whose knowledge of mining was drawn solely from their imagination and their recollection of explosions of fire-damp, drew a fancy picture of mining in which it was of all occupations the most terrible and dangerous. They were captured by sympathy for the miners; and the man who desired to buy his coal at the cheapest rate subscribed in support of the miners on strike, without seeing the self-contradiction in which he was involving himself.

In our French legislation the concession of a mine is regarded as a privilege conferred by the State. A strike of miners, therefore, offered a magnificent opportunity to the Socialists to mount the tribune and ask of the minister of public works what he was doing and what he intended to do. If he replied that the mine, once conceded, is property like anything else — which is the truth — they would accuse him of being a supporter of industrial feudalism. There are some ministers to whom this reproach is not a matter of indifference. Moreover, we have seen, in 1892, at Carmaux, all the authorities giving in to the miners, who, under the direction of certain Socialist deputies, and especially of M. Baudin, set patrols in order to prevent the realization of any desire to return to work, and threatened the army and the constabulary. The strike finished, in October, 1892, by a lamentable debate, in which M. Loubet, the prime minister, consented to serve as arbitrator; and, as his decision did not give complete satisfaction to the demands of Messieurs Clémenceau, Milleraud, and Camille

Pelletan, who set themselves up as delegates of the miners, they insulted the arbitrator whom they had asked to act, and rejected arbitration at the very time when they had just voted, in the Chamber of Deputies, in favor of compulsory arbitration. This strike ended with a dynamite explosion in the Rue des Bons Enfants, which killed five persons. The champions of the strike then judged it prudent to put an end to their rodomontade. These furious harangues and more after their kind will be reproduced in the new Chamber.

The Socialists announce that they are about to demand that the mines shall re-enter into the domain of the State and be worked by it. This is a good field for them, as there are many good owners of real property who imagine that the mines are not property as other things are, and that it is only necessary to dig a hole in the earth to make it debouch millions. They do not even know that of the twelve hundred concessions of mines in France there are eight hundred which are not worked, after having exhausted the resources of those who have obtained them; and that of the mines in actual working one-half produce no profit.

The Socialists are also going to demand that the railroads be taken over and worked by the State. That will not be a way of putting our finances more in order. The example of Prussia shows us that the State forgets willingly to redeem the cost of the railroads. Moreover, if the State manages the railroads it will have to lower the scale of charges and raise all the salaries. The conditions of such management will, therefore be ruinous. However, it is well to bear in mind that this proposal meets with a favorable reception on the part of some Republicans who repudiate Socialism. The transport industries are always unpopular; and the management of the railroads, in their relations with the State, is very complicated in France.

# VII.

THE Socialists have a programme of immediate action and a political plan of campaign. Many Republicans, it must be confessed, though they feel uneasy in respect of them, have no economic principles sufficiently firmly held to oppose them. The Protectionists, while demanding the intervention of the State in exchange agreements, are in a bad position to refuse it in labor agreements. Having claimed that profits shall be guaranteed to them, what can they say to the workmen who claim that the law should guarantee to them a certain scale of wages? Many others have no criterion by which to determine what should be the limit of the intervention of the State in the economic domain. Has the government any such principle? Or will it drag the majority into concession after concession to the Socialists? Will it say, what has already been said and repeated too often, that the new Chamber of Deputies should occupy itself with labor questions and labor laws? What are labor laws—*lois ouvrières*? We are here back to caste legislation—we who believed that the Revolution of 1789 had abolished caste!

If the government and the majority put their shoulders to this wheel, it will be very serious, not only for the new legislature, but for the elections of 1897. The Socialists are about to multiply their proposals. They will put forward resolutions and propose "orders of the day." Many of these will be lost. They will heap up these losses carefully and go to the electors with the cry: "Here is what we proposed! We have been defeated! You must give us a majority in the next Chamber." While they will utilize their defeats for the denunciation of "*bourgeois* society" and parliamentary government, they will make use of every law which has the appearance of Socialism, proposed by themselves or others, to point out how many concessions they have obtained, and what might have been if they had obtained them in greater number. They have, at the present time, the power of at-

traction. They are attacking; the Republicans, on the other hand, are on the defensive — the worst of strategical conditions in politics as in war. The Socialists wish to attract into the circle of their activity the indifferent, the timid, the apathetic, and the still more numerous folk who always look to see which way the wind is blowing in order to let themselves be carried in its direction.

However, this movement is nothing to be frightened about, for it has against it a considerable resistant force. The workmen of the large industries number eight hundred thousand; but the workmen of the small scale industries, of whom the majority desire to become employers, number fifteen hundred thousand. Trade and transport give occupation to more than a million; proprietors cultivating their own lands count for nearly twenty-five hundred thousand; small proprietors for nearly eight hundred thousand; farmers, *métayers*, and planters for more than twelve hundred thousand; landlords and fundholders for more than five hundred thousand; members of the liberal professions for nearly as many; etc.

Now certain Socialist fictions may well seduce a few of those small employers who have one or two workmen, and a few medical men and barristers in search of a means of bettering their position or popularity; but the great majority of the proprietors, large and small, are inaccessible to that conception which has Collectivism for its final and logical result, the seizure by the State of the whole economic activity of the country and the forcing of every man fit for work into the ranks of State functionaries. But it is indispensable that the Republicans should agree to oppose propaganda to propaganda, and to meet the demand for a Socialistic Utopia by the enunciation of certain principles, which I summarize thus: Every institution is pernicious which has for its object the protection of an individual or a group from competition, for it results in apathy and decay. Every institution is noxious which has

for its object the restraint of the intellectual or productive activity of man. Progress is in inverse proportion to the coercive interference of man with man, and indirect proportion to the control by man of external nature.

YVES GUYOT,

*Late Minister of Public Works of France.*

From The Leisure Hour.

AN ENGLISH DICTIONARY OF THE DAYS  
OF KING JAMES THE FIRST.

Two hundred and sixty-eight years ago appeared a small book, which has proved the parent of a gigantic offspring. It was a modest little volume, hardly too large for your waistcoat pocket, and bore on its title-page the following legend: "The English Dictionarie, or an Interpreter of hard English words: enabling, as well Ladies and Gentlewomen, young Schollers, Clarkes, Merchants, as also Strangers of any Nation, to the understanding of the more difficult Authors already printed in our Language, and the more speedy attaining of an elegant perfection of the English tongue both in reading, speaking, and writing."

The author who entertained this benevolent and ambitious design styles himself "H. C. Gent.," i.e., "Henry Cockeram, Gentleman." To the curious in the use and treatment of words, a short account of this lexicographical progenitor may perhaps not fail in interest.

The worthy Cockeram divided his book into three parts. The first part consists of a list of the less common words in use at the time, and gives brief explanations. Some of these, as might be supposed, are pretty quaint. For example, "*Athleticall science*, The wrastling science: *Baptist*, A washer: *Balasse* [= Ballast], Gravel, or anything of waight layd in the bottome of shippes to make them goe upright: *Hereticke*, He which maketh choice of himselfe what poynts of Religion he will beleieve, and what hee will not [a very complimentary description!]: *Lunacie*, A disease, when at certaine



times of the Moone one is distracted in his wits: *Mythologie*, An exposition of Poets riddles: *Neeromancy*, Divination by calling up Devils, or dead mens ghosts." Occasionally the worthy author's religious views assert themselves, as when he defines *Oracle* to be "an answer or counsell given by God: among the Gentiles, they were illusions of the Devill."

In the second part of his little work the compiler gives a list of the commoner words and expressions, attaching to them a corresponding rarer, and, what he would call, "more refined and elegant" term. For instance, if the reader wishes to know what to call "the Art of well-speaking," he is told to call it "*Rhetorick*." For "build" he may say "fabricate;" "brotherly love" may be expressed by "fraternity," "burial" by "sepulture," and so forth. In fact this portion of the book is simply the converse of the first.

The most curious feature in the work, however, is the third part. This part is of the nature of a small encyclopedia. Various animals are described, and brief accounts are given of a number of personages, mythical and historical, whose names the author's patrons are expected to meet with in their reading. The wild and weird notions of the time on matters scientific are abundantly illustrated in these pages, and really entertaining reading, of a sort is here furnished. The modern reader may be excused a smile when he peruses some of the extraordinary statements which are here set forth.

Here is the description of a crocodile: "a Beast hatched of an Egge, yet some of them grow to a great bignesse, as 10, 20, or 30 foot in length: it hath cruell teeth and scaly backe, with very sharpe clawes on his feete: if it see a man afraid of him, it will eagerly pursue him, but on the contrary, if hee be assaulted, hee will shun him. Having eaten the body of a man, it will weepe over the head, but in fine eate the head also: thence came the Proverbe, he shed Crocodile teares, viz. fained teares."

The lynx is described as "a spotted beast" that "hath a most perfect sight, in so much as it is said, that it can see thorow a wall."

The salamander, of course, "lives in the fire," but we are also informed that "by his extreme cold" he puts it out—a notable fire-extinguisher, forsooth! But what becomes of the animal upon the destruction of its native element? We should imagine it is "put out" too, and literally "catches its death of cold."

One is invited to marvel at the voracity of the ostrich that "will swallow down a piece of Iron halfe as bigge as a horseshooe"—at the maternal devotion of the pelican, "who wanting foode, feedes her young with her own blood"—and the filial piety of the stork, which is "a famous bird for natural love to his parents, whom he feedeth being old and feeble, as they fed him being young."

Of fishes several astonishing things are said. The barbel is "a fish that will not meddle with the bait, until with her tail she have unhooked it from the hook." We wonder whether any of our modern piscators have met with such a clever creature. The most wonderful fish in the list appears to be the "*scolopendra*," which, "feeling himself taken with the hook, casteth out his bowels, and then having loosed the hook swalloweth them again." It is evidently time lost to fish for him!

Marvellous stories are told of serpents. We are in wonderland here. The *amphisbæna* has a head at both ends! Of another serpent it is said that it had a mouth so wide that it could swallow a man on horseback. The basilisk is, as we have elsewhere learnt, a dreadful creature. In the description of this animal our author becomes almost eloquent. Vegetation is blasted by its breath; to touch it, even with a long pole, is death; and men are slain by its mere glance. It is comforting to be assured that there is one animal which is able to destroy this frightful "king of serpents," and that is—the weasel!

This brief account will illustrate what

was understood by dictionary-making in the time of the early Stuarts. Johnson, Walker, Webster, Murray, have since arisen and worked, and the English dictionary is now no longer a list of "hard words," but aims at being a complete vocabulary of the language of literature and conversation of our own and former days, collecting, arranging, and expounding all the speech of our forefathers and ourselves. Still, this little book had its day, and doubtless served a useful purpose. It was the first parent of an ever-growing offspring, the latest born of which when completed will comprise a huge work in six or eight volumes, each equal in bulk to a family Bible. It becomes us then to treat with a measure of approval and respect the forefathers of so illustrious a descendant, and we therefore close the ancient little volume, and place it carefully back upon the shelf. May it rest in peace!

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From Temple Bar.

SAL.

"Whose sisters ye all are."

It was darkening. From the corner of the wood the long road stretched back between the trees; halfway came two figures, a man and woman; tramps, leaning forward and moving with that shuffle which betrays their utter uselessness. The man stopped and, without turning, spoke for the first time that hour.

"Coom on!"

The woman neither looked up nor quickened her pace. As she came beside him he struck her aimlessly on the shoulder, but she moved on with hardly a twitch of her dull, battered face beneath the dirty bonnet.

It was lighter when they came to the corner, but neither looked up to where the sun was setting in its dying glory. Two men were in the hedgerow eating bread and cheese. The man stopped with a faint sense of affinity; they were laborers seeking work, and though not of him, they were with him for the time.

"How far is't to Sheffield?" he asked.

"Better nor three mile," they told him.

With an oath he looked over to where the smoke rose out of the valley.

"Stop an' have a bit o' bread," they urged, with the free-handedness of the needy.

He shook his head. "We mun be there to-night," he muttered, shambling on at the old pace.

The woman had stood still, hardly looking at them; now she seated herself on the edge of the footpath and held out her hand for a piece.

"I shall bide here," she said.

"Tha'll't coom on," he retorted, turning round.

"Tha'st beaten me last night, and stricken me twice to-day. I'll none o' thee. Go thy ways."

"Dom thee!" And he went.

The divorcees of the poor are easy and swift.

The two men did not speak; they feared the shuffling, filthy tramp. Though they pitied the woman, they would fain have had her go with him; but they did not speak—no more did she. When they rose she rose too, and fell into her old place a few steps behind. They had heavy boots, were footsore, and weary in heart and body; so it was that, with a laborer's instinct, they presently turned up a narrow lane and found a shed.

It was dark; their feet sank in the bedding as they entered. The younger man struck a match, and the stirks started up with frightened grunts and milky breath. The match went out suddenly, but the intruders had seen a heap of straw at the far end. There they stumbled, still in the same order; and there the two men lay down together on the top, while the woman, crouching more than lying, shivered through her half-conscious night.

When the day broke she went out to beg of the half-awakened village, and returning, waited patiently till they stirred, to share her few scraps with them. They accepted her services as

they might a slave's, and as a slave she served them.

When the men turned in at the gates of big works to offer themselves, she waited for them; as they went on, she followed humbly. It was afternoon when they got a few hours' job, and, perhaps touched by her submissiveness, returning to the gates, they told her briefly to go to a certain lodging-house and await them there.

With the old tramping instinct, she went round begging first; but folk were busy. "We've too many of your sort about," one stirring housewife told her; yet at another house, larger than the rest, the smug cook handed her two frilled cutlets, saying: "It'll be long before you'll taste the like o' them again." A dull feeling of treasure-trove made her wrap them in a corner of her scanty shawl, fastening it with her one brass pin. When she came to the dingy lodging-house, she almost smiled as she thought of the pleasure of watching the two men eat her dainties when they came back from work. Then she lifted the latch and went in.

It was dark. The heaped-up fire cast ruddy gleams about the kitchen, leaping and dancing with the flickering shadows. She passed across the floor and knelt down before it, striving to warm her numb fingers. What stirred upon the settle by the window? It was her cast-off companion.

He was watching her with bloodshot eyes. We have seen who feeds the tramp; but who gives him his money? and, worse still, who gives him his beer? He sat up.

"Coom on!" he said hoarsely.

She crouched back upon the hearth, all the horror of the past five years expressed upon her pallid, stricken face. In the room above she could hear the deputy whistle as he swept the floor. But she dared not scream.

"Coom on," he repeated, getting up on his unsteady legs, then standing over her. "Dom thee, coom on!" And with those words he struck her as she tried to rise. Then the pent-up terror burst in a wild shriek as she fell

—fell with her head against the oven door—and with brutal passion he struck madly at her, hand and foot.

The deputy pulled him off, and hurrying neighbors lifted the poor, bruised carcase on to the settle by the window; the police came, with their weary air of stolid supremacy, and brought the doctor. All he could do was done, and then he sat by to wait for returning consciousness and the inevitable end.

It was dark and late when the two men arrived, with the money for their job.

"You cannot come in here," said the doctor as the door opened; but she stirred, and put out her hand.

"Eh! poor lass," said the elder, "what is't?"

She was trying nervelessly to hold the corner of her shawl; the doctor saw it, and took out the pin. She smiled, and with an effort moved the cutlets to the men. Wondering, they took them and crouched down by the fire to wait.

Something reminded her. Starting, she threw up her arms, and crying, "I didn't, Bill—I didn't—oh, I didn't!" fell back and died.

"When they told him, he turned his face away and muttered, 'I swore I'd swing for her at Wakefield, and I shall.'"

It was his tribute for her five years' faithful following.

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From The Architect.

#### THE RUINS OF ANG-KOR.

RECENT events have attracted attention to the great lake between Cambodia and Siam, Toule Sap, and to the two Siamese provinces of Ang-Kor and Baltambong which adjoin it. A few months ago the *Progrès de Saigon* issued an account, illustrated by native wood engravings, of this great lake of the two provinces and of the famous ruins of Ang-Kor. The region is described as lying to the north of Cochinchina, between Siam, the ocean, and the unknown Laos districts, and al-

though now but thinly populated, it was in former times the abode of a race which was great among the peoples of the East, and which for long centuries was governed by a famous line of sovereigns. The great lake is formed during the rainy season by one of the branches of the Mekong, and is then navigable by large steamers, which go to Siemreap, at the head of the lake, and near the ruins of Ang-Kor, the greatest remains of Khmer civilization. These ruins were discovered by the Portuguese and Spaniards in 1564, and they were first described in a volume published in Barcelona in the following century. There are Chinese accounts of a much earlier period, and one of these, written in the thirteenth century by an ambassador sent to the Cambodian court, was made known to Europe by Abel Remusat. It includes descriptions of the two famous temples of Ang-Kor Wat and Ang-Kor Thom, which correspond with the ruins of the present day. Since then they have been investigated by French *savants*, and quite a splendid work on the subject has been published by M. Fournereau. It is thirty hours' steam to Phnom-Penh, the capital of Cambodia, and thirty more to Siemreap. Ang-Kor Wat, or Ang-Kor the Great, the royal pagoda, is the best preserved of

all the Khmer remains. Mouhot, who visited it in 1862, says it is more majestic than any other monument of antiquity that we possess. It occupies a large, rectangular park, 1,087 metres long and 827 broad. The illustrations show numerous towers, vast terraces, several subsidiary temples, innumerable figures of fantastic mythological animals, galleries, colonnades, avenues, lakes, bridges, etc. The surface of the large stones employed in the buildings are covered with pictures and engravings. These huge blocks are believed to have been conveyed to the great heights at which some of them are found by means of inclined planes. Ang-Kor Thom, which is a few miles away, is still more ancient, and around it are the ruins of the old Khmer capital, Preathong, which have been invaded by the forest, giant banyans having their roots below the foundations and their branches among porticoes and pillars covered with bas-reliefs. These latter, which are especially well preserved in the underground galleries, represent the national sports, sacred ceremonies, and historical events of the Khmers. These are the two main Khmer monuments, but there are hundreds of others scattered over a large area of the country in the midst of what looks like a primeval forest.

**INFLAMMABLE BUTTONS.**—The progress of science is not without its dangers, as well as its benefits to mankind. The employment of a preparation of solidified gun-cotton as a substitute for ivory, and, when colored, for tortoise-shell, horn, etc., has long been known to be attended with a certain amount of risk. Under some conditions the compound is even explosive, and may be regarded generally as inflammable. Mr. C. V. Boys, of the Royal College of Science, has published a letter, recounting a singular accident which occurred to a lady who was standing near a fire. She found herself suddenly enveloped in smoke, and a gentleman who crushed the ignited portion of her dress had his hand badly burned. The fire originated where a large fancy button had been, which had disap-

peared. The following test of the inflammability of one of the buttons shows the danger of this style of ornament. A phosphorus match and a piece of a button were placed on a piece of iron heated by a gas flame; in five minutes the button ignited, and in twelve minutes another piece double the distance from the flame, whilst the match remained unignited for more than a quarter of an hour. Another button attached to a duster, and placed before the fire in a position a lady's dress might occupy, took fire, and ignited the duster in a few minutes. Mr. Boys points out the obvious moral, and cautions persons not to use articles made to imitate horn, ivory, or tortoise-shell, without adopting due precautions not to expose them to heat.

Queen.







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